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THE MONTH OF MARCH brings many books of interest, timeliness, or importance which should be reviewed promptly. This week, therefore, the first pages of the magazine are given to reviews of new books in the spotlight.

Master of Two Dimensions

THEATRE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

MR. MAUGHAM'S new novel is well named. Quite apart from the fact that its principal characters are actors, it has the speed, smoothness, and entertainment of an expert theater piece. One reads it with complete absorption, surrendered to the skill of a novelist who has mastered his trade. The effects are prepared in precisely the right way and occur with the utmost naturalness, the timing is sure, the dialogue is superb. Structurally and thematically it is journeyman work without a flaw, as fine a specimen of the well made novel as this generation has seen. Mr. Maugham is a professional novelist, he is competent in all the instrumentalities of his craft, and he manipulates them with a disciplined suavity that has the pleasure of the reader always in mind. A well made novel, however, is like a well made play: one rises from it thankful for being amused but beginning to forget what happened in the first act.

Mr. Maugham, who has always practised a severe economy of ideas, is here occupied with the superficial and even the second rate. His heroine, Julia Grosselyn, the great actress who projects into her own life the emotions, attitudes, and effects she has learned in the theater, belongs to a type long exploited even by the popular magazines; and though Mr. Maugham refines the types and fluffs it up with his magnificent dialogue, he neither adds to it nor gives it life. Her husband, Michael, the handsome, hard-working, vain, and unintelligent actor-manager, and her kept lover, Thomas Fennell, the young man on the make, are types from the earlier theater of Mr. Maugham. He makes a lively and varied display of these, and of other puppets labeled "fool" and "cad." His hand is much quicker than the eye, it is all brisk, revelatory, and epigrammatic, and it goes to show that we are nowhere near so fine and clever as we think, and, when you come down to it, we are just animals after all. Mr. Maugham enjoys himself pointing out the splendors we haven't got, and never breathes deeply. But, a specialist in emptiness and pretense, he never gets to important vacuums and illusions, and even when he has his characters in bed, where he is at his best, his comedy consists in avoiding rather than utilizing the sources of comedy.

The result is excellent entertainment, a skillful and self-conscious fantasia on vanity, cupidity, jealousy, spite, stupidity, histrionism, minor brutalities, sexual possessiveness, and the no longer secret power of personal odors to inspire passion—in short, Noel Coward without tears. That it is no more, that in spite of Mr. Maugham's cherished boutonniere of cynicism he does not write robust comedy, is due to his inability to respect the integrity of his characters' emotions. Even in this puppet-show it sometimes becomes necessary for Julia to feel an emotion, and then the play goes flat. Mr. Maugham can only tell us that she fell in love, experienced ecstasy, or was plunged into despair: he cannot endow her with the feeling. He tells us that her consequent behavior was pretty funny but it is only theater; and you can no more be cynical about emotions you don't believe in than you can be heartbroken about them. Mr. Maugham's attitude robs his comedy of edge, for perfunctory ignobility is just as ham as perfunctory nobility, and the reader ends by admiring the dexterity of the derision but glad to get out of the playhouse into the street, where the profanity of taxi-drivers is heartfelt. "Theatre" is first-rate hammock reading for people with high I. Q.'s.

Supreme Satirist

THE OLIVE TREE. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

PROPAGANDISTS of the future may be equipped with hypnotic drugs to break down sales resistance. At present propaganda is effective only where there is a disposition on the part of the customers to agree with it. The British government spent too much money to acquire the Codex Sinaiticus, which is a useless fetish. Christmas has been commercialized. We disguise the realities of war by talking of it in the abstract terms of politicians and military experts. The interesting phenomenon whereby people identify themselves with literary or historical characters is called Bovarism; thousands of Bovarists have written lives of Napoleon.

These are a few of the ideas, most of them interesting, some obvious, which Aldous Huxley packs into the sixteen essays of "The Olive Tree." These essays confirm his reputation for brilliance. But occasionally they suggest that he has fallen into the literary man's habit of writing for the sake of writing. In his serious, straightforward pieces (for instance "Words and Behavior," "T. H. Huxley as a Literary Man," and "Writers and Readers") he uses more words than he needs, and often tells us what we already knew; this results in dilution of flavor and interest. But his satirical essays are first-rate. There is one called "Justifications" which relates the outlandish story of an English evangelist who decided that it was his mission to glorify the flesh, and did so with spectacular effect; and there is a delightful piece on B. R. Haydon, the painter who couldn't paint, which is up to Max Beerbohm's standard. Every book Aldous Huxley writes confirms the impression that he was put on earth to be a supreme caricaturist. He gets at the truth through satire.

Brilliant Excitement

THIEVES LIKE US. By Edward Anderson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THOSE readers who can remember the rare literary experience that was theirs when they first came upon "The Sun Also Rises" and "As I Lay Dying," the stirring certainty of the extraordinary, will best understand the experience this present book holds for them. I do not think it too much to say that Edward Anderson is the most exciting new figure to appear in American writing since Hemingway and Faulkner. He is first of all a brilliant stylist, very suggestive indeed of Hemingway, not in a derivative sense but rather as though both of them have come by different routes to a choice of the same tool for the work they want to do. Here again we find the stoic restraint, the harsh, stark statement, with every sentence cleanly stripped as an arrow must be stripped, to reach its mark. The effect is one of piercing eloquence, as it was also with Hemingway (but not with any of the imitators of that style who came be-

Next Week

THE PULITZER PRIZE IN HISTORY
By BERNARD DEVOTO

THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED
By LEON TROTSKY
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

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EDWARD ANDERSON

tween). And at this point of technical virtuosity, where Hemingway and Anderson meet, they also part company. For Hemingway's reticent eloquence has cried out of despair, of retreat, of a Lost Generation. Anderson's people, too, are lost, but they don't know despair, can't stand retreat. They are "hungry men," (this is the title of Anderson's first book), road wanderers, odd-jobbers, thieves. They mean to have great mouthfuls of food, breaths of free air, pockets of money, before they're finished. They are lost, but they believe in life and move with elemental vigor, loving movement.

Three convicts make their escape from an Oklahoma prison-camp. They do this in the first five or six pages, in an atmosphere so brittle, sharply accented, swift moving, that the pace set seems an impossible one to carry through. But it is carried through for three hundred pages more without a let-down. The three move on to a hide-away and plan a series of bank robberies. One, called T-Dub, is an experienced bandit; one, Chicamaw, is a proud and reckless gun-toter, part Indian; the third is Bowers, a country boy doing time for a gas-station blunder, ready to try anything. I can rib myself up to do anything, he keeps saying. They carry out their plans boldly, but adversity is with them always and never any satisfaction. Through all of this the three men are revealed to us, never by definition but always in direct functioning, the things they do and say, the way they move. Bowers, in particular, is presented with especial clarity, a country boy possessed of all the primary impulses we call good,—courage, loyalty, squareness, love,—all of them adding up to an overwhelming passion for living, and finding expression as easily in crime as in anything else, if crime is the only open avenue. There is a great deal more to the book that can only be briefly indicated: the feel of Oklahoma roads and Texas fields, the heat of sun and cold of night, the clatter of small towns, the rush of cars, the sharp impact of violence and the inner suck of guts under stress, the hard talk of men who are beyond saying any longer the things they really want. It is a story that called for disciplined realism of the highest order, and for that sensitive reinterpretation of common material that only a literary artist could provide. Here are both realism and reinterpretation, in rich display.

America, I Love You

THE QUIET SHORE. By Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

NOT so long ago, it was the accepted convention for the sensitive to shrink from the dreariness of American life. Today it is recognized that "America" makes as good intoning as "England"; and that the flicker can be as good a source of nostalgia as the chaffinch.

Thus Mr. Havighurst's young poet Alan returns from Europe to find his family homestead on the shore of Lake Erie still more beautiful than he had remembered, and to fall in love with America, even in the puzzled uncertainty of the depression. He climbs in a coal-barge "the long blue hill of Huron"; he observes the speech of America's various nationalities, exults in the power of her machines, the breadth of her horizons. And from three old people he learns to love also America's yesterday, so fantastically remote for all its nearness. There is his grandfather, Roger Bradley, who as a boy fresh from the Wilderness campaigns, came north in the days when the canal boom was over and the general store had begun to talk railroad, and by incredible effort had wrested a farm out of the marsh. Tatum Young is another friend—a sort of purposeless Johnny Appleseed. Last is Alan's uncle Timothy, who for thirty years had pursued other men's El Dorados, until the prodigal days of the west were over.

It is the memories of these old men and Alan's own observations that survive out of the book, and not the plot, manufactured from a forty-year conflict. For though this story is readable enough, and shows Mr. Havighurst to be possessed of considerable technical skill, yet it is artificial and the characters are conventional and thin. But out of phrases often eloquent, if seldom achieving the surprising exact word, out of his obvious sincerity, Mr. Havighurst creates for Alan a wide fresh agreeable world, that lies under the nightly procession of "the Cross and the Crown," "the Lion and the Lyre," and has Lake Erie for horizon.

Goldfish

GOLDEN FLEECE: The Story of Franz Joseph and Elisabeth of Austria. By Bertita Harding. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

IF you ask of a biographer only that she be entertaining, you will be entranced by Mrs. Harding's retelling of the old story of Franz Joseph and Elisabeth of Austria. The author has just that air of awed irreverence which is so flattering to the reader. And she stops at nothing. As she says, "the life of dynasts, like that of guppy families, . . . becomes the object of intensive scrutiny."

If you want in a biography respect for historical truth, you will be disappointed, doubly disappointed because Mrs. Harding's bibliography promises additions to our knowledge from manuscript sources relating to the death of Rudolf and his mistress at Mayerling. Possibly the description of the Mayerling tragedy is closer to what happened than earlier versions, but it is impossible to verify the assertions made here, and in many other parts of the book where verification is possible, the results are disquieting. Mrs. Harding is throughout pro-Magyar, and among other things, she attempts to clear Hungary of responsibility for war in 1914. According to her, Tisza, "Hungarian Prime Minister since 1897" (actually since 1913) wrote a letter to Franz Joseph, refusing to sanction war against Serbia. Tisza entrusted the letter to Berchtold, who did not deliver it until after the ultimatum had reached Belgrade. Actually, this letter was written on July 8th and given to Franz Joseph on July 9th; on July 14th, Tisza changed his mind and consented to an ultimatum, and himself took part in the conference at which the ultimatum was drafted.

This is typical. The whole treatment of

EMPRESS ELISABETH AT TWENTY

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Austrian politics in the first two decades of Franz Joseph's rule is almost a parody. Prince Schwartzenberg is not mentioned, while the Emperor becomes an amiable, ignorant youth who allowed his mother Sophia to rule through a group of senile monsters. It would take too long to show everything which is wrong in Mrs. Harding's picture. Her treatment of General Julius von Haynau will suffice. Haynau finished his bloody work in Italy in 1849, when Franz Joseph turned him loose on the rebellious Magyars. The General's work in Hungary is notorious. He resigned in 1850, and he died in 1853, three years before Franz Joseph had heard of him, according to Mrs. Harding. One could go on indefinitely. Bismarck in office three years too soon and fathering actions of which he heartily disapproved; Abdul Hamid, sultan nearly a decade too soon—but why go on?

Oilstruck

MADNESS IN THE HEART. By Edward Donahoe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

NOT the least interesting by-product of the petroleum industry is the Oklahoma cities it has made. The particular oil-mushroom about which Edward Donahoe writes in this book is no more adequately disguised than a masquerader in cellophane. Marcus Sigourney, Mrs. Regan, are folks whose names anybody in Tulsa—not to speak here of Ponca City—can identify for you any day. And probably will. Though equally surely the identifiers will not quite agree between three or four candidates.

"Madness in the Heart" is the story of Carl Philbin, grandson of oil, son of oil, heir to discontent. From Pleasant Prairie he goes to a Jesuit School in Kansas. From Kansas to Harvard. From Harvard to the bottomless Europe a bottomless purse can buy. He doesn't much like Oklahoma, and his trips home are more and more infrequent. For which I, at least, am sorry. Some time some one is going to write a good novel about Oklahoma Society in the great days. No one has, so far.

"Madness in the Heart" is Mr. Donahoe's first book, and probably he had to get rid of a lot of personal things that were on his mind. It is interesting enough. But it is more than good in the infrequent places where the author sees the pitilessly hot beauty of the prairie summer with real love, and the pitilessly ambitious struggles of Petrolia with real understanding. The glimpses he gives us of Pleasant Prairie are tantalizingly disconnected anecdote. It is evident that he is a mine of such anecdote. Some day a good novel is coming out of the land of oil derricks, champagne, shooter wagons, and diamonds, and perhaps it will be by Mr. Donahoe.

Rupert of the Rhine

THE STRANGER PRINCE. By Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ANY reader of Miss Irwin's "The Proud Servant," the story of the first Marquis of Montrose, must have been impressed by this fine historical novelist's management of her material. The present reviewer has read at least three biographies of the extraordinary Rupert, Prince Palatine, and has investigated Clarendon, Warburton, and Trevelyan on the period. Out of a little knowledge he can therefore report that Miss Irwin's portrait of the tragic little Elector's most famous son seems the truest to character, and the most satisfying in an entirely human re-creation of the man, that he has ever read.

"The Stranger Prince" is, of course, fiction founded upon biography and history;

From the jacket of "The Stranger Prince."

but the facts are undistorted, save for the author's obvious romantic bias in favor of the Cavaliers. As for the love-story of Rupert and the fascinating Mary Richmond, the daughter of the assassinated Duke of Buckingham, all one can say is that so it might easily have been. Of Charles the First, Rupert's uncle, multitudinous works have been written and even now a modern play about him is being presented in London. Miss Irwin gives us a convincing monarch, in all his charm, grace, vacillation, and weakness. She does as well, too, by his lively and dominating French queen, Henrietta Maria, so interesting a foil to Rupert's beautiful and almost legendary mother, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

Obviously the story of the first Stuarts (for Miss Irwin harks back also to the slobbering "King Jamie"), the story of such Queens as this Elizabeth and of Henrietta Maria (with Mary Queen of Scots and Henry of Navarre as looming shadows in the tapestry), the story of the Princes Palatine, the historic canvas of the seventeenth century, have all laid ready-made romance of an extraordinary nature before the novelist. It is Miss Irwin's organization of overflowing material for the purposes of her story that commands immediate respect. And how she can pick up a small gleaming episode out of history's cluttered treasure-heap, expand it, fill in just the necessary details, and fit it into her adroit mosaic in just the right place and according to just the right values.

To have "got in" all the touches that give richness and depth to the whole picture—*pointilliste* work of a variety proper in emphasis and enhancing the whole—to have dealt so completely with the terrain of Rupert's exploits and the multifold men and women of the period without ever becoming confused or tedious—is a triumph. I should place this book as one of the most glowing historical novels of our time.

Of Me I Sing

LUCIFER IN PINE LAKE. By Samuel Rogers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

MR. ROGERS'S new novel is the portrait of a male egoist. Hugh Trowbridge by his middle thirties has made a conscious philosophy of the congenital impulse that patently is going to rule him to the end: the impulse to barricade himself against all serious emotional involvements, all major responsibilities. His vocation is to maintain the steadiest, sharpest possible sense of his own identity as a separate and superior person. To this end he deliberately cultivates toward all other persons and things a posture of urbanely contemptuous withdrawal. Member of a mid-Western university faculty in which his way is smoothed by lucky connections, he takes his profession with cool laziness and lets no detail of it follow him off the campus. Fascinating to women by virtue of his effortless charm, he protects his ego from them by instinctive cruelty. His stale *liaison* with one, a married woman whose deep love has survived her illusions about him, he breaks off by marriage with another, a generous-hearted girl whose illusions are undamaged. When he has lacerated his wife until he has turned her heart to a stone, he cannot for a moment conceive that the death of her love is a reality and no mere jealous fit of the sulks. When it is followed by the quite needless death of her body he is still doing his best to draw up dishonest inventories of his generosity and goodness to her, to mend the barricades of his self-esteem, and to persuade himself that nothing matters in a world rushing to self-destruction at the pace of ours.

Mr. Rogers has one attribute that puts him at the exact center of the current mode in fiction and one attribute that leaves him far outside the mode. The

(*Continued on page* 11)

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Nothing Happened till 1914

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. By Blanche E. C. Dugdale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. 2 *vols.* $10.

GREY OF FALLODON. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

HERE we have the last great Tory and the last great Whig as they would like to be painted. Balfour's niece has written two long and leisurely volumes which will delight those who come to them with enough knowledge of history to fit the discursive narrative into the larger English story, but which will probably confuse or mislead readers without this knowledge. Grey's friend, Trevelyan, has drawn a warmly human picture of a man who had, in his own words, "an unusual gift of solitude, the power to enjoy being alone." As history, Mrs. Dugdale's work is by far the more important. Trevelyan's account of Grey's political career offers little new evidence and is indiscriminately laudatory, but he has recreated the personality of a really great Englishman.

Both Balfour and Grey might, until 1914, be called amateur statesmen. Neither had to struggle for political preferment; preferment followed from family position. Probably neither would have struggled for office: each denied that politics was his first love, and both refused to permit politics to crowd out other interests. Balfour's mother was a Cecil, a sister of the great Lord Salisbury; therefore Balfour was forced to subordinate his love of philosophy and his delight in sport and social life to his duty as member of a Tory family. He obeyed, and forged ahead rapidly under "Uncle Robert's" watchful eye. His four years of resolute enforcement of law as Irish Secretary from 1887 to 1891 earned him the name "Bloody Balfour" from the Irish, but also earned him leadership in the Commons from his party. During Salisbury's last administration he was practically deputy prime minister and foreign secretary, and when the old statesman retired in 1902, it was his nephew who took over the government. Possibly no one could have held the Conservatives together in face of Chamberlain's demand for an imperial protective tariff; certainly Balfour could not. He resigned in 1905. As a result of the elections of 1906 the Conservatives were reduced to a small opposition party, and Balfour was thoroughly discredited, until the war years brought him to the fore again.

LORD GREY

That Balfour was neither a dilettante nor a die-hard Tory, Mrs. Dugdale makes clear. On scientific progress, on Zionism, on Anglo-American relations, on economic nationalism, and on many other subjects he showed a forward ranging mind; but at bottom he was convinced that it was authority "to which in the main, we owe, not religion alone, but ethics and politics." "By Tory I mean averse to changes—inclined to continuity," combined with "a desire for the amelioration of the lot of the great classes of the community." Holding to these convictions, it is not strange that he should not have thought it important whether any individual gave much or little energy to the work of government. Looking back, however, one cannot help wondering if results would have been quite the same if Balfour had been willing to devote the whole of a remarkable mind to political problems.

LORD BALFOUR

The question obtrudes even more insistently in studying the career of Sir Edward Grey. Grey was by temperament a solitary and a student of nature, enjoying most to contemplate "the days lengthening and the great earth slowly but daily tilting England more towards the sun." But the Greys were a Whig family, and family tradition dictated that he should be a Whig statesman. At the outset, in 1885, he charted his course: "Moral progress, social progress, and better distribution of wealth, these are the objects to keep in view, which ought to rouse men in my position to labor." In spite of his hatred of industrialism and the cities created by industry, he kept steadily to the course, which by the great coal strike of 1912 had taken him far. Labor, he saw, wanted power, not the amelioration of its lot which Tory Democrats like Balfour thought sufficient. "The days when the owners said "this industry is mine; I alone must control it and be master in my own house" are passing away. The owners still say that, but it has ceased to be real because they cannot act upon it."

The intuitive perception which enabled Grey to see the drift of internal politics was a less reliable guide in the field of foreign politics where his influence was decisive. Trevelyan admirably defines and defends the bases of Grey's policy as Foreign Secretary in the decade before 1914: "He struggled to preserve the peace of Europe; and at the same time to provide that, if war came, England should not be without friends to stand by her in the storm." With the policy, few will quarrel. Further, few will deny that throughout Grey showed admirable patience and sobriety of judgment. Still it does not necessarily follow that, as Trevelyan maintains, "where he failed no one could have succeeded." It does not even follow that Grey must have failed. If Grey had only been less anxious to get out of office. If he had been willing to devote to the study of those possibly unpleasant, but certainly important people, the Germans, the untiring interest which he brought to the study of birds. If his heart had been in his work, might a solution of the Anglo-German quarrel have been found, might the two greatest European powers have been rescued from dependence on reckless allies, might the catastrophe of 1914 have been avoided?

The war forced from both Balfour and Grey the complete devotion to politics which neither had earlier been able to give. Then Grey sacrificed eyesight and health by incessant labor at the Foreign Office. Balfour, whose career had seemed ended years before, took over the Admiralty in 1915 when he was nearing seventy, succeeded Grey at the Foreign Office in December, 1916, and remained almost continuously and joyously in office until a year before he died in 1930. "It seems to me," he remarked during these last years, "that nothing ever really happened before 1914."

From a political point of view, these men are most interesting to Americans after 1914. Balfour and Grey appreciated earlier and more clearly than most of their countrymen the fact that the United States could bring either victory or defeat to Britain, and they exerted all their powers to win America's support. Recently there has been a disposition among American writers who resent the success of their efforts, to describe Grey and Balfour as Machiavellian tricksters. The evidence here presented makes clear the falsity of this description. Both were able negotiators, but their sincere conviction that the Allies were fighting for the right is undeniable, and conviction was a large part of their strength.

Raymond J. Sontag is professor of history at Princeton, and author of "European Diplomatic History Since 1871."

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Competent or Artistic?

MARRIED PEOPLE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THESE short stories were probably grouped under a generic subject after they were written, but whether that is true or not, they began by being stories about individuals and that is what they remain. They do not solve marriage, but tell you to work it out for yourself. There is plenty of comedy and considerable pity and not quite tragedy in the various stories. They can be read easily and with that gleam of gossip's delight which comes from recognizing people or from looking through the windows. All of them are the work of an observer who understands how easy it is for people to get in jams and who is very quick to see when they make fools of themselves.

No new book of Mrs. Rinehart needs much comment from any reviewer to help it gain attention from the reading public. She is one of the few writers who has achieved great popularity and, in spite of that, has not let herself get slack. She has a variety of talents, for the mystery story, for the detective novel, for the creation of a humorous character, and for straight romance, as we call it in our passion for misnaming things. Whichever of these talents Mrs. Rinehart has taken out of its napkin—and she has a whole linen closet full of napkins—the result has always been good.

But that brings up the question of why it was not better, why some fumbling whippersnapper with a couple of volumes to his credit may have a right to be called an artist, while Mrs. Rinehart's work may be characterized by that word over which Somerset Maugham argued in one of his prefaces, trying to find out whether it was an insult or not. It was the word "competent," as applied to a writer. The theory seems to be that a writer can't be both competent and artistic, and of course almost any businessman will bear that out, often with a touch of pride.

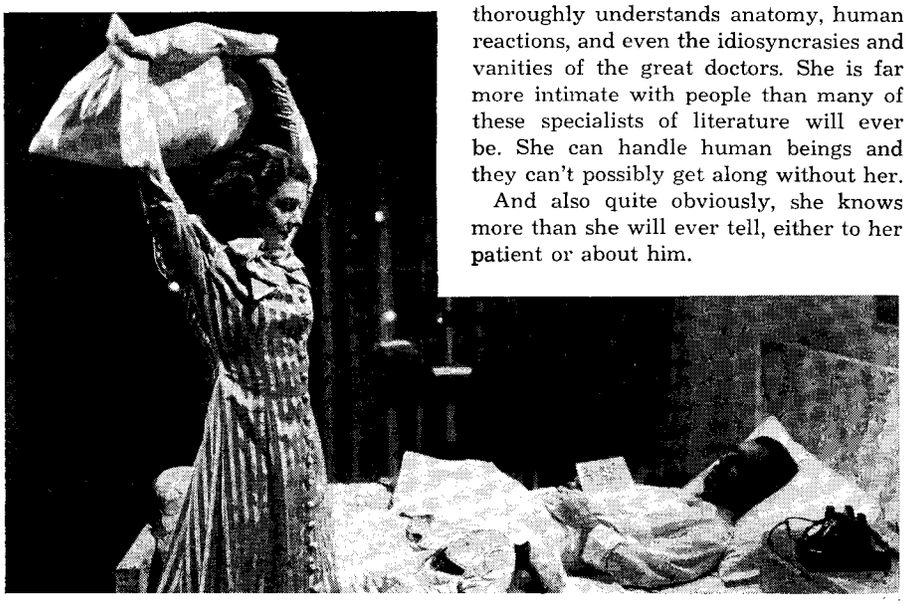
Anyway, Tish is not Mr. Pickwick. Why didn't she happen to be? "The Man in Lower Ten" is not "The Moonstone." Why not? And why in all these years has Mrs. Rinehart, with her clear knowledge of American society and her wit and her good shining tools, not given us another "House of Mirth" with an unforgettable Lily Bart?

She has not the common fault of many writers of great popularity, of becoming repetitive or sentimental. A sharp wit, a decisive drawing, always fresh interest, and plenty of energy prevented that. Her situations are completely accurate as far as they go.

That is probably the point. Mrs. Rinehart never lets her characters get out of hand. The story is hers, not theirs. They come into it only as they are needed for story purposes. The division of labor among them is so complete that everyone has his own job and sticks to it. In the first story in the book, Harry is silly and flirtatious, Elinor pretty and over-dieting, Allison fretting about her figure and her youth. All the other things that happened to them, that must have happened to them in the other hours of the day, are deleted. They do not serve the story.

Perhaps one could do no better, in appraising much of Mrs. Rinehart's work and particularly these collected stories, than to take in comparison her own often used group, those who aid the sick, or those who think they are sick. Mrs. Rinehart is not one of the great diagnosticians of fiction. She is not a psychoanalyst. She isn't a surgeon. But she is the expert, indispensable trained nurse of fiction. She knows what's wrong. She thoroughly understands anatomy, human reactions, and even the idiosyncrasies and vanities of the great doctors. She is far more intimate with people than many of these specialists of literature will ever be. She can handle human beings and they can't possibly get along without her.

And also quite obviously, she knows more than she will ever tell, either to her patient or about him.



AMERICA'S FAVORITE MARRIED PEOPLE—MR. AND MRS. NICK CHARLES
Myrna Loy and William Powell in "After the Thin Man" (MGM).

Model of the Universe

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE. By F. Sherwood Taylor. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

THE guiding star of Victorian physicists was the explanation of the universe, or at least the physical world, in terms of a mechanical model. Dr. Taylor, in this massive compendium of science written expressly for the layman, may be said to have followed in their footsteps. For his survey is unified, insofar as his purpose admits, by electronic and atomic theory which, though not without reference to modern work, is conceived in the relatively simple mechanical terms native to ordinary thinking; we are spared the brain-splitting of the New Physics.

With this theme, and with admirable simplicity and clarity, we are led to comprehension of matter, its states and properties; power and machines; waves and optics; chemistry; the earth and heaven; and finally, the life sciences. In each of these sections, the scope is wide and the explanations have a pictorial ease which is enhanced by a large number of line and halftone illustrations. The subject is brought home most happily by a wide variety of concrete examples. Thus—to take a random selection—the reader of optics is brought to understand the show-windows of the Chrysler building; the reader of biology the degassing of sandhogs and deep-sea divers; the new father the complete phenomena of reproduction.

It is of course impossible to summarize a book of this encyclopedic nature. Aside from scope and intelligibility, judgment on which is given above, the reader will want to know if it speaks with the voice of the leading scientists. Without presuming to answer, certain remarks may be made. Assuming a team of specialists let loose on the lone figure of Dr. Taylor, many corrections in matters of detail, or perhaps even in leading views, might be made; granting them, it does not appear probable that the layman, who is the object of Dr. Taylor's concern, would be disturbed by the required alterations or any the less enthusiastic about Dr. Taylor's tremendous job. But, on the other hand, the intending specialist might be seriously concerned. Dr. Taylor's view of the scientific spirit, with which he prefaces the book, though customary, seems to be more piety than science; it is simply not true that scientists behave impartially, however much we may wish it. The finality, which he takes as science's crowning glory, has surely been debilitated, if not destroyed, by the revolution in physics.

The budding scientist, and the layman interested in the nature and philosophy of science, ought to have as an antidote at least a look at Eddington, Jeffreys, and Bridgman.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Bonnie Blue Flag

MARSE ROBERT was a great general, but the Cause lost in the end. Defeat corrodes the heart even unto the third and fourth generation, and there have come to be those trumpets blowing yellowly in copper light that trouble the reveries of Mr. Faulkner (who has served the Cause in a good many pages of nostalgic prose.) The night brings meditation and, dreaming, one may almost rearrange. It cannot be altogether as a tenet of agrarianism that the unreconstructed poets of Nashville have raised Nathan Bedford Forrest above Jeb Stuart, above Jackson even, till he sits at Lee's right hand: in that apotheosis must tremble the whisper of a great Perhaps . . . Perhaps . . . Almost . . . four hours in Hampton Roads . . . a shot in the spring dusk at Chancellorsville . . . spindrift blown back where the high tide broke on Cemetery Ridge. A passionate *if!* sleeps uneasily in the grandsons' blood and though they cannot win Marse Robert's war, they can draw their breath in pain to tell its story.

And, if one may be forgiven, how! There was the siege of Vicksburg in "So Red the Rose." There was Shiloh in "The Longest Night," the campaign for Atlanta in "Gone With the Wind," Chickamauga in "None Shall Look Back." In a few weeks there will be the siege of Richmond in "Bugles Blow No More." Beyond that is the unguessed future; heaven knows how many publishers have held a wet finger to windward, how many novelists, maps pinned to the study walls and "A Diary from Dixie" open on the desk, are swept up in the panic that follows Grierson's Raid. Many climaxes are still untouched —Vanderbilt's preference for the War in the West having kept fiction inattentive to the Peninsular campaigns, the Shenandoah Valley, the Confederate navy, even the two great invasions.

Surely trumpets may blow yellowly for Jeb Stuart riding round the Federal lines singing madrigals and wearing roses at his sabre-knot (he has so far been left to the Yankee Hergesheimer), for that tragic moment when a patrol of Averell's found the copy of Lee's marching orders, for that line of winter huts along the Rappahanock. Surely the Army of Northern Virginia will win once more the perfect battles that have enraptured strategists for seventy years. Surely fiction will find use for the Right Reverend Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, for that Bayard of the second degree John Gordon, for that burlier Forrest, Uncle Dick Ewell, the woodcock, whose frontiersman's oaths and table manners corrupted by the Apache campaigns frighten the admiration of ladies, who has to be strapped in his saddle since he lost a leg at Groveton, who in moments of wellbeing cocks his head to one side and utters shrill bursts of song and chatter in the conviction that he is a bird.

They are not yet in fiction but they will be. The South lost the war but is in a fair way to win the renaissance. For fifty years following 1865 there was little war fiction worth the paper it was printed on, except as the nightmares of Ambrose Bierce and the fantasies of Stephen Crane required a local habitation. Then the production of spy and parted-lover novels subsided and it slowly became possible for fiction to raise up at long intervals such a fine and lonely monument as Mr. Boyd's "Marching On" or Miss Scott's "The Wave." But now suddenly, after seventy years, all Dixie is in flower. The sophomores among us can remember when Southern literature was just Miss Glasgow and Mr. Cabell; the elders recall when Illinois, succeeding Indiana, was fiction's truest home; the patriachs go back to the time when Mr. Mencken ventured out in the footsteps of Frederick Law Olmstead and returned with "The Sahara of the Bozart." In fact Mr. Mencken may have begotten the renaissance. He marched three times round the walls blowing on a ram's horn, and now all our novelists are Southerners. And they all write about the War. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," says South Carolina's memorial window in Blandford Meeting House, quoting words which a damn Yankee wrote, and these days truth rises in thousands of pages, the Rebel yell exults across Parnassus, and the Yankee lines are still.

Or maybe they aren't. Reinforcements may even now be on the way to support Mr. Mackinlay Kantor, and in fact there is rumor of a formidable counter-attack already preparing, one of the high command of Northern fiction leading it in person. History may repeat itself in fiction even more literally than we are yet aware. In the War the South carried everything for the first two years, but once the North's enormous reserves in manpower got organized they soon prevailed. It may be that fiction today is only at Chancellorsville and that Gettysburg is to come, and then Grant in the Wilderness, and at last Sheridan's cavalry screen moving aside to reveal the encirclement at Appomattox.

Fiction's rediscovery of the principal occurrence in American history has produced much good reading and will doubtless produce much more. That is a clear gain, and the increased national awareness that it attests is gratifying. Nevertheless, as the books multiply and it has become necessary to introduce the wood-pulp industry in the South to keep up with them, increasingly there come moments when one does not care to read a Civil War novel. The public still supports the gigantic war effort, but let the publishers take note of those ominous moments. There may soon be draft riots in New York and mobs storming the warehouses in Richmond. In sheer surfeit we may demand an armistice, and some day a bright, new, thousand-page treatise on how plumes trailed in the dust after Bragg blundered may be greeted by a bored populace shouting: Let us have peace.

Don't Miss Old Faithful The principal geographical grudge this week, however, deals with the editor's own section, the West. He has been away from it long enough to forget some of its customs and so was momentarily surprised when all California rose protesting Mr. Idwal Jones's recent article in *The Saturday Review*. It was an excellent article, informed, discriminating, charmingly written, but it did not pretend to be either omniscient or infallible. The first protests came in by wire, the air mail amplified them the next day, and finally a thriftier patriotism, confided to the three-cent postage, fairly swamped the office. Mr. Jones and the editors of the *Review*, who shared the felony, were denounced with Western adjectives of fragrant memory and dared to come out and face tar and the rope like men. We had ignored the poetess laureate of Sonora County, we had not glanced at whole townships devoted to literary production near Los Angeles, immortal novelists and more immortal bards from Tia Juana to the Oregon line (bards by the long ton, F.O.B.) had been left unmentioned—and this from a deliberate spleen that was patently motivated by Eastern envy.

The West is that way. Chambers of Commerce pass resolutions blaming Wall Street when any literary article has left out the local lady who had a piece in The Contributors' Club, and it has been proved that the national census-takers, bribed by Broadway, subtract forty-five percent from the home town's total. Moreover, don't forget our new waterworks, and have you seen the redwoods?

Advertisement: *The Saturday Review* asked Mr. Jones to write his impressions of California literature and is well pleased with what he wrote. Two other articles about literature in the West are in preparation. Mr. Thomas Hornsby Ferril and Miss Mari Sandoz who are writing them, however, will not deal with natural resources. For statistical information, please consult the proper local officials.

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Letters to the Editor: *Reading for Pleasure; Some Notes on E. P. Roe*

Good Taste of the Public

SIR:—Having for the past few years been surprised at the good taste of the public as shown in the best seller lists, I was delighted to learn from the publicity given the Book-of-the-Month Club fellowships that there are not 5,000 people in the United States who will buy the books of James T. Farrell and Robinson Jeffers.

Lovers of poetry are naturally the people who will buy poetry. Why should those who are thrilled and inspired by the world's great poetry care to own a poem on the theme of incest? If Robinson Jeffers chose more pleasant subjects, he probably could sell as many books as Edna St. Vincent Millay, especially with the great help he has received from the critics during the years. But he doubtless prefers to write as he pleases.

Does any one read most of the proletarian novels except the critics and a very few proletarians? Most of the latter seem to prefer Zane Grey and E. Phillips Oppenheim. It is estimable for an author to want to change unfair conditions by his writing, but to make propaganda effective in poems and novels, he must first be able to write poems and novels. I prefer to read of social questions in nonfiction and do not care to read a novel that keeps me thinking how the author's back must have ached from typing so many long, dull pages.

The fact that so many critics praise dull and incoherent books makes one particularly appreciative of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* its editors and contributors, who do not hesitate to give minority reports on Nobel awards and to tell the truth about inaccurate and amateurish history. It is wonderful to have books reviewed by those who know much about their subjects and the result is that you seldom have a poor review or one that appears to be prejudiced. In fact I can think of only one at present—Louis Adamic's review of "This Labor Union Racket" by Edward Dean Sullivan, given in connection with one on "The History of the Haymarket Affair." I cannot see how any one who thinks that working men have the right to organize and that they should get the full benefit of their union memberships could object to Mr. Sullivan's book. Of course a book exposing evils is not necessarily expected to be a work of art, but Mr. Adamic wrote of it so contemptuously that he made me want to read it.

S. H.

San Jose, Cal.

The Douglas of His Day

SIR:—Here's someone in the house who has read some of E. P. Roe's novels, though it would be more than 20 years ago come any day you'd name.

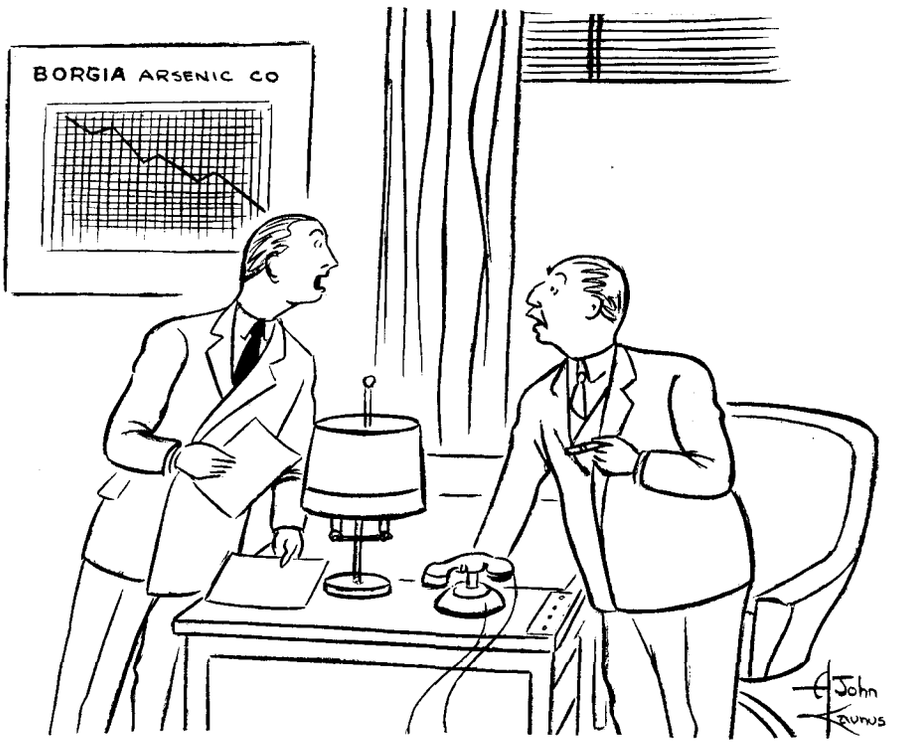
I'd say Roe was the Lloyd Douglas of his time, because he, too, began his career as a minister. He lived at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. Our copy of "Day of Fate," published by Dodd, Mead in 1880, gives the author as "Rev. E. P. Roe," but the copy of "Driven Back to Eden" (our edition, that of 1888, though the copyright date is 1885) omits the "Rev."

The Hudson valley was enormously proud of its author up there at Cornwall, and all the folks bought his books. I caught up with them in the little Michigan town where my father's mother lived during my 'teens. I used to lie in the hammock on summer vacation visits and read right through all the Roe there was.

"Driven Back to Eden" impressed me most. It's about a New York family hit by a personal depression. Papa buys a farm, and they carry on like the Swiss Family Robinson in Jersey or wherever it was, certainly not in Westchester County or Connecticut. Incidentally, the children are saved from the dreadful influences of being brought up on the sidewalks of New York.

HELEN C. BOWER.

Detroit, Mich.



"CONSUMERS' RESEARCH SAYS THERE ISN'T ANY ARSENIC IN OUR ARSENIC!"

Small Books

SIR:—About small books. Maybe it's only the proved ones, the known, that can afford to be small. New and unknown, your books must get attention by sheer bulk. The accolade of the small format can be bestowed only when the name on the back strip has sufficient weight to balance the book's lack of it.

But here's an odd thing: only essays dare be small from the start. I like to think it must be because they alone are independent and even arrogant. They neither expect nor want the hordes of readers that will push them into a reprint duodecimo. Later, perhaps, as the word gets about, but there's no hurry. Meanwhile, they dare be themselves—and you can take them or leave them alone. Me, I take them.

MARJORIE TYLER.

Geneva, Illinois.

Fray

SIR:—Following Katherine Wilson's letter in the February 6th *S. R. L.* you say the controversy over keeping politics out of book reviews is still unsettled. This is bad news. The *S. R. L.*, since Miss or Mrs. Wilson's first letter, has seemed to have considerably less of the New Dealish Columbia University flavor. One of Miss or Mrs. Wilson's humble admirers and long a subscriber to the *S. R. L.* begs her to return to the fray.

C. G. L.

Kenilworth, Ill.

Slang

SIR:—The editor of the Historical Dictionary of American Slang, A. Dilworth Faber, has again started work on the dictionary, which he is doing at the suggestion of Sir William Craigie, one of the editors of the Oxford English Dictionary. This slang dictionary will be comprehensive and completely cover the American field. Anyone having any material or who is interested in slang please get in touch with Mr. Faber at No. 439, 207 East 84th Street, New York City. He would appreciate it if those who have been in touch with him before get in touch with him again as much of the already gathered material was lost in a fire.

A. DILWORTH FABER.

New York City.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Catalogue of Pleasures

IT is a long time since we offered a catalogue of our simple pleasures. We believe that in spite of much annoy, failing teeth, and an imminent income tax, the psychic balance sheet shows a substantial credit on the jocular side. In proof of same we offer a few items of pure and disinterested delight. For instance:—(1.) Hearing the voice of Hilaire Belloc on the air the other evening in Rudy Vallée's program. Mr. Belloc neither knows nor cares, why should he, but that positive, mocking and faintly irritable tenor has endured in the cochlea of our inner ear ever since (at least 25 years ago) we heard him give his superb lecture on Rabelais at Oxford. Particularly the semi-Gallic flutter of his r's —like the

silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of a purple curtain.

We (damn we) I liked his threesome uses of the Pen: as a weapon of attack; as amusement; as an implement of salvation.

I thought I knew my Belloc pretty well, but only the other day Geoffrey Gomme (of Edgar Wells's fine bookshop) introduced me to a collection (Cassell, 1931) called *A Conversation with a Cat, & Others.* In this little book (has it been published here?) are some pieces of Mr. Belloc at his best. I turned almost in fear to the one Geoffrey Gomme had most praised, *The Death of the Ship.* I knew it would trouble me; it did. It describes the end of his sturdy old *Nona.* From that you can fall back on *A Guide to Boring* which is a *rafale* of laughter.

There is a great deal I should like to say about Mr. Belloc, but I fear to bore him. I was pleased to hear him pay tribute to Max Beerbohm. Belloc himself has received the greatest compliment paid to writers of our time: parody by Max. (See *A Christmas Garland.*)

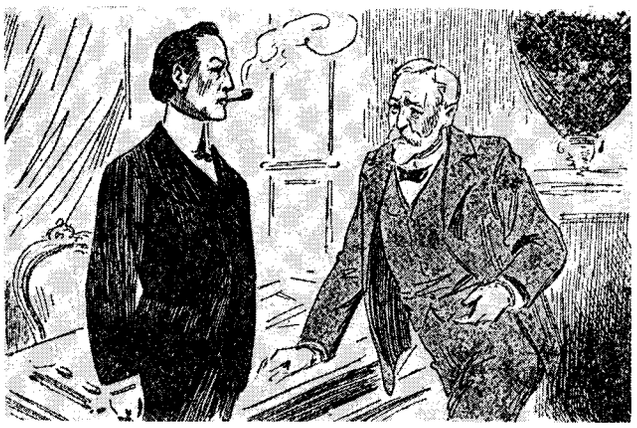
When H. B. was here about fifteen years ago he was desperate to find a pipe tobacco to his taste. He may be again. I introduced him to *Serene:* he might like to be reminded.

(2.) A word to Mr. Vallée, who had some of his boys sing a madrigal about *"Gentlemen-songsters* (!) *out on a spree, Baa, baa, baa,"* etc. You might remind your listeners that this has been rehashed from Kipling.

By the way, Chapter VIII in Kipling's *Something of Myself* is a Must. Particularly this: *"When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously. Drift, wait, and obey."*

(3.) There's a grand snowfall on the ground this morning. I've been waiting all winter for an excuse to remind you of Chapter VIII in W. H. Hudson's *Idle Days in Patagonia,* "Snow, and the Quality of Whiteness." That chapter, which discusses the effect of whiteness on the mind, takes you back to *Moby Dick;* not a bad place to be taken.

Among writers about Nature, I am glad to see some revival of interest in Richard Jefferies. I attribute this partly to some good things said about him by Donald Peattie in his delightful *Almanac for Moderns.* I shall never forget my excitement, at the age of 21, first reading Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart,* a hot summer day, in a railway carriage between Royston and London. That book should be read young if possible.—I feel a kind of concern about Jefferies who gave me exquisite pleasure when I was young and excitable; he was less than 40 when he died and has been dead now fifty years.



SPANISH CONCEPTION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
(*From* El Vendedor de Cadáveres, *one of the innumerable spurious stories about S. H. published in Spanish.*)

(4.) The Bowling Green is perhaps incubating a serial feature which might oppress its readers for a considerable time; therefore I try to work off now a number of miscellanea which have interested me. E.g., a photo, shown me by Helen Galland, of the Italian freighter *Achilles Lauro.* Painted across the forward bulwark of her boat-deck is the Horatian line COELUM NON ANIMAM MUTANT QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT. This tickled me at first, as evidence of loyalty to the classics; then I wondered, is it intended rather as an outcry of Fascist patriotism?

(5.) The greatest triumph of the Holmes-Watson mythos is that it has even got into *The Lancet,* the world's premier medical journal. Mr. P. M. Stone, a Baker Street Irregular in Waltham, Mass., sends me the *Lancet* of Dec. 26, 1936, which prints an article ("by an Occasional Correspondent") *Was Sherlock Holmes a Drug Addict?* This takes the line that Holmes's behavior shows none of the unmistakable signs of cocaine poisoning; that the wrist-scars were make-up, a form of practical joke at Dr. Watson's expense. *The Lancet's* correspondent concludes with "unfavourable reflections on the professional competence of Dr. Watson."

I wish I had quit reading *The Lancet* at that point, but I went on into some of the clinical matter, and identified a lot of symptoms. Unquestionably I have arthritis, cystoscopy, chronic nepotism and intermittent nephalism.

(6.) In *Literary Appreciations* by Princeton's well-loved emeritus, Professor George McLean Harper (Bobbs-Merrill) I found an interesting essay on William Watson, so much of whose verse has (when met unawares) the classic symptoms of longevity. Professor Harper tells us that Watson lectured in the U. S. in 1912, and quotes from his discourse:—

"We have amongst us the critic with a bee in his bonnet, the critic who finds that it pays him to have a bee in his bonnet, since brilliantly unsound criticism is often more readable than criticism which is unbrilliantly sound."

(7.) More than a bee, a wasp, was in the bonnet of the anonymous English poet who wrote some verses which have been privately circulating since a recent constitutional episode. Omitting a stanza which deals with unimportant personalities they are reported thus:—

Rat Week

Where are the friends of yesterday
  That fawned on Him
  And flattered Her;
Where are the friends of yesterday
  Submitting to His every whim,
  Offering every praise of Her
  As myrrh
  To Him?

They found Her conversation good,

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They called His Majesty "divine"
(Consuming all the drink and food
They burrow and they undermine),
And even the most musical
Admired the bagpipes' horrid skirl
When played with Royal cheeks out-
blown
And Royal feet tramping up and down.

Where are they now, where are they now,
That nameless, faceless, raucous gang
Who graced Balmoral's Coburg towers,
Danced to the gramophone, and sang
Within the battlemented bowers
Of dear Fort Belvedere;
Oh, do they never shed a tear?
Oh, do they never shed a tear
From swollen lids and puffy eyes,
For that, their other Paradise?
How far it seems from here, how far—
Now home again
In the Ritz Bar.

Oh, do they never shed a tear
Remembering the King, their martyr,
And how they led Him to the brink
In rodent eagerness to barter
All English history for a drink?

What do they say, that jolly crew?
Oh . . . Her they hardly knew,
They never found her really *nice*
(and here the sickened cock crew thrice);
Him they had never thought quite sane,
But weak, and obstinate, and vain;
Think of the pipes! That yachting trip!
They'd said so then ("say when, say
when"!)—
The rats sneak from the sinking ship.

(8.) Colleges and railroads are both special interests of mine, but a booklet published by a railroad company in honor of the college it serves is something new. The C. B. and Q. recently printed a pamphlet celebrating the centennial of Knox College (Galesburg, Illinois) and recalled interesting episodes of their mutual history. Particularly an incident quoted from Earnest Elmo Calkins' article on The Genesis of a Railroad. It appears that though the pioneers of Knox had struggled earnestly to get the railroad to their settlement (in 1854), they were horrified by one unexpected circumstance:—

> When on the first Sunday the passenger train arrived and left according to its week-day schedule, guardians of the Puritan Sabbath were too surprised and shocked to register their indignation. The following Sunday, in the lead of a considerable crowd, a tall commanding figure in a long, frock coat, advanced upon the fire-breathing monster, its steam up, ready to draw a string of box-like wooden cars Chicagowards.
>
> Before the conductor could shout his "All aboard," the tall figure raised his hand and ordered the engineer to take his smoke-belching steed back to the roundhouse.
>
> "Who are you to give me such orders?" demanded the engineer.
>
> "I am President Blanchard of Knox college, and again I order you to take that engine to the roundhouse and not run this train on Sunday."

The New Books

(*Continued from page 5*)

fashionable attribute is his determination to get blood from a turnip, or an affirmative and fertile meaning out of negative, infertile material—to take the measure of life in terms of a character whose existence is a walking, posturing death. And the unfashionable attribute is his devotion to whatever way of saying a thing will make it submit to the most possible saying. His pages run to such festoons of elaboration and loops of parenthesis as we seldom encounter in Anglo-American fiction the hither side of Henry James. As a result you are left with the feeling that he has wrapped up in 100-odd thousand words a subject which he might have unwrapped for you in sixty or seventy thousand by spending more of his own time and tissue to save yours.

Gone With the War

THE LAST ROMANTIC. By William Orton. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH MIRRIELEES

MR. ORTON'S book is not a novel. It is neither autobiographic nor yet commemorative of any given individual. It is the biography of, almost the funeral oration upon, a dead time. Michael, the representative of that time, born in the late nineties, is the son of an English shopkeeper. He goes to chapel, goes to school, lives over the shop, moves presently along with his mildly prospering parents to a separate house. As he grows up, he makes a series of half-hearted attempts at establishing himself in life, each attempt self-defeated. Finally, his gusty adolescence barely behind him, he is killed on the Western Front.

But the circumstances of Michael's life have only as much to do with this story of him as the circumstances of Paderewski's having had a piano had to do with his playing. Michael's actual life consists of his observations, his reading, and, drawn from these two sources, his puzzlements, his emotional acceptances and rebellions. Wistful, restless, bookish, sensitively artistic without as yet being creatively so, he sets down in his diary a record which is less a record of himself than of his epoch. Michael's world was one in which he could observe cause and effect; cause and effect were there to be observed. As a result, whatever his irritation or inquisitiveness over some of its aspects, the world itself he rested back upon with security. His conviction of the ultimate kindness of Providence, his "sense of the potential sacredness of things," his moments of "curious, aching ecstasy" and still more his pleased acceptance of the importance of these moments, his unconsciousness of economics except as a title in some college catalogue—by all of these the reader knows him not for the last romantic (romantics are blood brothers to the phoenix) but for that early self of a whole generation which, exposed to shellfire or remote from it, failed in either instance to survive the Marne.

The closing chapters are less satisfying than what precedes them. In its entirety, however, the book justifies the label under which the publishers present it, "A Selection of the Discoverers." It is likely to be rated as a discovery by many of its readers.

A Woman Doctor's Odyssey

A WOMAN SURGEON. By Rosalie Slaughter Morton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

THE writing healers, whose first public idol was the irrepressible Munthe, have all been men. Enter now a woman surgeon, Rosalie Slaughter Morton. In romantic adventure Dr. Morton can compete with the best. Born in that most romantic state, Virginia, she seems to have missed none of its traditional perquisities. But also in her blood were the chromosomes of an amazing number of medicine men, and in obedience to their genes she went up to Philadelphia and studied to be a doctor.

Having graduated with honors, armed with letters to almost everybody of any scientific or social importance in Europe, she sailed away to take her graduate work in the clinics of Germany, Vienna, Paris, and London. Back in New York she was at once successful in building a practice, and for the brief interval of a most romantic marriage she reveled in all the femininity of her Southern upbringing. After the death of her husband she plunged into the work of organizing women physicians for public health education, went to Labrador to help Grenfell, and when the war broke out insisted upon being sent to Serbia because it was the "underdog" of Europe. In Serbia she helped establish the American Women's Hospitals, was repeatedly decorated for distinguished service, and determined to bring back to America an army of young men and women for an American education. When her book ends, she is practising her profession in Florida.

That Dr. Morton has had a grand, busy, and useful life no one can deny, and after reading her story all women must admit that she has added much to the lustre of feminine accomplishment. And yet it must be confessed that she left this feminist reviewer bothered by mixed emotions. One cannot but wish that she had caught from some of her wonderful predecessors, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell for example, more of the humility and objectivity which are the mark of the greatest of the followers of Aesculapius, male and female alike.

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Mrs. Roosevelt was guest of honor at a party giv last week at Rockefeller Center by the *Ladie Home Journal,* which is publishing her remini cences, under the title "This Is My Story Mrs. Roosevelt told reporters that there wi be nothing in her book about the Supreme Cou

News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

André Malraux (center, above), who arrived in America last week, prepares an address for *The Nation's* dinner in his honor, hears comments from Ernest Hemingway (left), and Robert Haas of Random House, publishers of Malraux's "Man's Fate." . . . (Below) Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck, authors of "Beloved Friend," broadcast a program on Tschaikowsky.

Evening on Murray Hill: Ford Madox Ford (above) calls at Dorothy Speare's hotel t take her out to dinner. Mr. Ford has two books out this spring: "The Great Trade Route and "Portraits from Life;" Miss Speare's latest novel is "The Road to Needles." (Below, left) Clifton Fadiman, *New Yorker* critic, takes the chair at an "Author' Grievance Hour" held by the Book and Magazine Guild . . . (Below, right), E M Delafield, author of "I Visit the Soviets," talks with Robert E. Ely of the Leagu for Political Education, backstage at Town Hall after her lecture on the U. S. S I

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The Vogue for Vogues

Some Literary Fads of the Nineteen Twenties

BY IRENE AND ALLEN CLEATON

NINETEEN TWENTY to 1930 was the decade of "normalcy," the Florida boom, the Teapot Dome scandals, the Big Bull Market, prohibition, and an astonishingly successful revolution in manners. It was also a decade of fads. The war generation had started to play and needed continual shots of Something New to keep its mind from those years when life had been so fast, fierce, and occasionally so tragic. It got the Charleston, Coué, mah jong, Gertrude Stein, Greta Garbo, and spiritualism.

This craze for crazes created the faddist, who exercised his talents for modernity by assiduously keeping up with and popularizing "the latest thing," and if possible, by inventing today what would be tomorrow's "latest thing." A famous faddist was Carl Van Vechten, who possessed an astounding range of interests for a literary man and enough enthusiasm to spread over the lot.

Anything that was being talked about intrigued Van Vechten. He urged *The Reviewer* of Richmond to print a piece of Gertrude Stein's before notice of that lady's importance had more than trickled back from Paris, and when the American public still expected words to fit together with some semblance of sense. *The Reviewer* took his advice and used an article starting, "One little Indian boy, two little Indian boy, three little Indian boy, four little Indian boy, five little Indian boy, six little Indian boy"—and so on in conclusive proof that Miss Stein knew how to count. (This was titled, appropriately enough, "Indian Boy.") Later the same magazine printed an appreciation of Van Vechten by Miss Stein, and he was forced to confess he had no idea what it meant.

Van Vechten was an unofficial press-agent for the Negro Renaissance, which attracted an enormous amount of attention in the first half of the twenties. The Young Intellectuals were demonstrating their lack of race prejudice by vociferous praise of the art of the down-trodden black brother. White critics as well welcomed the writing of Negroes with gratifying hospitality, and white authors wrote almost as many books about Negroes as the Negroes wrote about themselves.

The reverberation was terrific when Van Vechten abandoned fads and too-facile fiction to produce his serious novel, "Nigger Heaven." It treated Harlem realistically, and its characters were set forth as humans instead of perambulating problems. Harlem did not care for this at all, although Van Vechten's best novel gave the race tremendous sympathy and understanding.

Negro literature, even at the top of its popularity, did not hold the fad arena unchallenged; there were enough contenders to confuse any country but America. The sensational twenties produced them so rapidly that it was difficult for moderns to keep their dinner conversation up to date. War books and books on psychic phenomena were the first of the literary "rages." The former occupied a big percentage of space in the book stalls in 1919 and 1920; in 1919 of fifty novels of any claim to worth thirty dealt with the World War. Nearly all were disgustingly sentimental and false—so much so that John Dos Passos's realistic "Three Soldiers" received a New York *Times* review concluding with the remark that it was easy to understand why the dust jacket was yellow.

The psychic phenomena fad was as direct a product of the war. The possibility of communication with sons, brothers, and sweethearts killed at the front caused it to be an instant success, and America seized trustingly on the writings of Arthur Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge and their many imitators. Some of these books were sincere, some "phoney," nearly all ridiculous.

By 1923 this foolishness had been laid to rest and people were talking of Mary Garden, the Ziegfeld Follies, Einstein, the Russian Ballet, Charlie Chaplin, the *Little Review*, the tango, Marcel Proust, Dadaism, glands, mah jong, and Coué. Particularly were they talking of M. Émile Coué, who offered a phrase—"Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better"—as a cure for all ills.

While Coué possibly was saying to himself, "Every day in every way, my book is selling better and better," upon the best-seller list with his "Self-Mastery" were H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" and "The Outline of Science," by J. Arthur Thomson, and only a few steps down were Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," and "Outwitting Our Nerves" by Jackson and Salisbury. The decade of tired business men, nervous breakdowns, phobias, and jitters called out many panaceas of the type of "Outwitting Our Nerves," and produced the credulous state of mind which made possible the swallowing of such theories as Coué's.

While toying with the fascinating subject of nerves and mental healing America was imbibing short gulps of culture from hefty kegs put on the market by Wells, Van Loon, and numerous learned authors who had crammed an astonishing amount of knowledge into their omnibus prod-

Courtney Ryley Cooper (below), author of "Here's to Crime," relaxes at his New York hotel after a nation-wide lecture tour . . . James C. Wilson (right) four-wheels in New York after broadcasting a dramatization of his recent book, "Three-Wheeling through Africa."

William A. Brady (below), veteran producer, at home on Park Avenue; his autobiography, "Showman," is just out.

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ucts. The public read outlines of science, literature, art, ethics, civilization, and Einstein, and would have become able to discourse brilliantly on Pasteur, Shaw, Monet, Aristotle, Why Rome Fell, or Relativity, if the information had not been assimilated in shockingly muddled form. The outline authors, of course, did not write their books to raise the cultural standards of the masses, but they must have been disturbed by the confusion into which they plunged uninformed minds. Certainly Will Durant, who popularized with his "Story of Philosophy" a subject that should have remained unpopularized, had a dubious effect on college papers. A professor reports he received this from a formerly bored pupil: "Now we come to good old Schope, cheerful beggar that he was."

Nearly all the fads of the twenties had literary ramifications. Authorities on golf sprang up and fought pen battles over the difference of one-half inch in a putting stance. It was the same with bridge, although contract had yet to put in an appearance and complicate matters another several hundred books' worth. And although mah jong was one of the most fleeting of the epidemics, there was time for the experts to get into print months before the craze collapsed.

In spite of the Reverend John Roach Straton's thunderings against the drinking party, that new American institution did not consist solely of contests to see who could get around the most gin, "lascivious dancing," and infidelities in the garden. It did in part, but the post-war craving for something to do was so strong that other entertainment had to be provided. So question books and guggenheim books came into being, and "Ask Me Another," "Guess Again," "What's Your Average?" and many others became necessary accessories to a hostess's equipment. Fully as popular were crossword puzzles and numerology, both calling forth their quota of books.

The former, incidentally, helped launch the publishing house of Simon and Schuster in 1924. By the end of the decade the total sales of Simon and Schuster's Cross-Word Puzzle Books had passed the two-million mark.

There grew up in the twenties a cult of debunkers, whose purpose was to slash away the underbrush of sentiment surrounding great historical figures and to present biographies of human beings, not copy-book heroes. Thomas Beer "exposed" a period in "The Mauve Decade" and received for this adroit and careful piece of work the profits of debunking and those realized by anyone who could make the Victorian way of life look silly. His was probably the most famous of the debunking books, but the phrase was invented by W. E. Woodward, who came to rue the day he thought of it, fearing "Meet General Grant" and his other new-formula biographies would be subordinated in importance to the word he contributed to the American language.

There were cases of excessive popularity, too fleeting to be anything but fads. Dikran Kuyumjian, an Armenian known to his British and American public as Michael Arlen, was an urbane, mustached little man, always to be seen at the correct British and Riviera resorts at the correct seasons, dressed in the most impeccably correct clothes. He wrote of a mythical English society, gentlemen overweighted with honor, and women with names like Shelmerdene and Diavalen. This nobility was excessively glamorous and excessively adulterous, but the Armenian presented his material so charmingly that the reader seldom realized what ridiculous stuff he was enjoying. "The Green Hat" was enough to turn Arlen into an emblem of sophisticated naughtiness and urbanity.

Gilbert Seldes crystallized with "The Seven Lively Arts" some of the current pets of the cognoscenti whose business it was to bestow their admiration on non-academic phases of art and literature. The intellectuals pored over the comic strip of George Herriman's angular Krazy Kat, and analyzed at length the "feeling" in Charlie Chaplin's feet. John Alden Carpenter composed a Krazy Kat ballet which was briefly the talk of New York. Charlie Chaplin became Charles Chaplin in '21, as Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair,* guided him through the doors of New York society. When on a trip to England Chaplin remarked he liked to read Anatole France in bed, large pictures of the French sage made the front pages of English dailies. The actor, however, was so misguided as to write "My Trip Abroad," whereupon the critics advised him to confine his activities to the screen.

The young intellectuals interested in personal and particularly amorous freedom, in the middle of the decade turned their attention to a voice from Denver. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, well known as a sympathetic arbiter on the juvenile bench, took a look at the marital difficulties of the times and found them soluble only by companionate marriage. He wrote "The Companionate Marriage," which for an innocuous and sensible book created a frightful storm.

Lindsey's plan, as he outlined it, was simply this: the practice of legalized birth control by parties to a marriage, the divorce of childless couples by mutual consent, and the lack of financial or economic claim by either party upon the other. In a sexy decade, surely this was not revolutionary. It was, in fact, almost old-fashioned. But somehow, probably through the angry rantings and misinterpretations of churchmen and conservatives, it became heralded that Judge Lindsey was advocating non-legal unions, dissoluble at any time whether the couple was childless or not and by either party and for the most trivial of reasons. Young rebels thought this a sound marital system, and lent their cheers to a cause to which they would have been indifferent had they troubled to read Lindsey's book.

Because Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals" appeared later in the twenties, when it was harder to get a rise out of the Elders, that book caused little excitement from the moralistic point of view. It certainly contained more inflammable material than Lindsey's. Russell and Lindsey were food for the young immorals, but Freud was their stiff drink. He did not specify how infidelities should be managed, but stated that suppression of the sex impulse must be avoided. It caused numberless perversions, dread complexes, and awful phobias. Suppression came to mean all that was horrible in human conduct; an agile-minded psychiatrist could trace to it a murder or a dislike of spinach. Many young men and women, shocked at what they considered the indecent restraint of their parents' lives, readily accepted invitations to each others' beds. Virgins, of either sex, were curiosities, to be weightily argued over and discussed by their friends—for this was an era when everyone told the world of his sexual affairs. Meanwhile a new

(*Continued on page* 16)

In the Metropolitan Museum

Venetian Bedroom

By THEDA KENYON

WITHIN this room, youth and disaster met,
Lit by the seaborn moon, and an oval face;
That balcony casement stirred, to disclose the place
Where love stood pleading, a star-fringed silhouette.
Here, passion was prisoned by suave drapery
Concealing walls of stone; a whispered name
Fanned smouldering intrigue to destroying flame,
While far beneath, slow gondolas slid by.
Now—pearl-collared dowagers clutch their spotless pasts
To matronly bosoms; stare in lorgnetted state;
Murmur—"A charming spot!"—and undulate
To safe Madonnas, and well-draped plaster casts. . .
But *amorini* caress, each silken fold
Tenderly, for the heartbeat it may hold!

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Here's what has happened!

Let CHRISTOPHER MORLEY tell you how it was written...

"THIS is a love story and a tragedy, but both the love and the grief are quite different from what the reader might expect. And the reception of this little book will be different from what the author may have anticipated. Its publisher has told me that Mr. Steinbeck wrote it 'as an experiment'; that he did not even insist on its publication. 'Don't publish it if you don't like it,' he wrote, and didn't even wish to see proofs of it. I can understand that; a writer who has put on paper something so deeply moving wishes for a while not to think of it again.

"In just such casual ways, in this our world of obliquity and squint, do masterpieces happen."

—FROM THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS

What this novel is about:

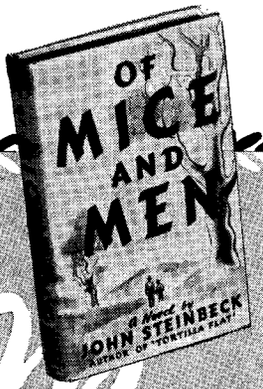
It is the story of two men—one an ungainly, slow-witted giant; the other, his friend and protector. Here they are about to meet a passionate, foolish woman who leads them into the strangest and most violent adventure of their lives . . .

3rd printing before publication!

HARRY HANSEN: "The finest bit of prose fiction of this decade."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.*

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY: "It should please everybody because it has every element of good story telling . . . Its style is right for its subject matter, and that subject matter is deeply felt, richly conceived and perfectly ordered. That is praise enough."
—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

CARL VAN VECHTEN: "I don't ever expect to forget a line of *Of Mice and Men.*"



Of Mice and Men

by JOHN STEINBECK

Author of TORTILLA FLAT

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

$2.00, COVICI • FRIEDE, N. Y.

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The Vogue for Vogues

(*Continued from page* 14)

type of biography, the psychoanalytical, rivaled the books of the debunkers.

Greenwich Village had more Freudians than tea shops. America's Montmartre had had a reputation for free love since the days when artists and writers first discovered it was a cheap and charming place to live, but with the advent of the twenties and Freud, sin, and the Village became synonymous in the minds of good citizens. Landlords began to worry when forces for morality displayed an ominous activity, and they issued this plea in the New York *Times:* "We do not like the reputation of being an artists' quarter where abandon is expected and condoned. We want real people here and real artists and professional people, not those who sojourn here because they think this is a place where anything goes."

Whether the landlords got many "real people" in the gaudy twenties is doubtful. It is said Noel Coward was one of the hungry inhabitants early in the decade, but soon after he was appeasing his appetite with caviar as the idol of London and, later, New York. Edna St. Vincent Millay, after being pronounced the younger generation's poet because of "A Few Figs From Thistles" did the unmentionable and married, retreating to a rural life. Willa Cather lived in the Village awhile, giving well-known and entertaining Friday afternoon teas. Eugene O'Neill did some of his best work there, in the days before he hoaxed the intelligentsia with such pretentiousness as "Strange Interlude." But shortly after the decade opened nearly every literary person who has been heard from since had abandoned what has been called the world's last Bohemia. Gone were the good old days when the waiters argued the virtues of *vers libre* with the customers; when the "pagan routs" at Webster Hall were almost worthy of this tag Floyd Dell had found in the thesaurus for them; when Dreiser would play "up Jenkins" with a crowd of Villagers until dawn came through the restaurant windows; when Sherwood Anderson took a minor part in the theatrical production, minus scenery, costumes, and funds, which marked the birth of the Little Theatre movement in New York; when around *The Masses* grouped John Reed, George Bellows, Louis Untermeyer, Mary Vorse, Horatio Winslow, Howard Brubaker, John Sloan, and Floyd Dell, all delighting in the frequent suppressions granted the magazine by the postal authorities.

Real estate men helped to vanquish the Village aborigines. The invaders were willing to pay for picturesqueness, so rents jumped from twenty-five dollars a month to a hundred and twenty-five; and for those who desired their atmosphere in comfort large apartment-houses were built, equipped with all the uptown accessories such as florist shops, drugstores, and expensive restaurants. A host of small eating, drinking, and dance places catered to tourists. Professional Villagers haunted these places; one, dressed romantically in velvet coat and wide hat, sold candies—"the color of your psyche, dear lady."

Obviously little work of value could flourish in such a fraudulently Bohemian atmosphere. Robert Edwards, one of the moving spirits of the place and editor of *The Quill,* the only Village magazine to live through the decade, admitted:

> If your verse is very vile
> You might send it to *The Dial.*
> If your verse is viler still—
> Send, oh, send it to *The Quill.*

Discussions of "art" became endless, eccentricities more self-conscious. Everyone sidestepped hard work in favor of talk about it, in revolt against the middle-class motto that time is money. A writers' club was launched and the weekly luncheons were eaten in reverse order, dessert first, because the bourgeoisie are conformists enough to begin with soup. There was discussion of printing magazine pieces upside down because the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Cosmopolitan* printed theirs right side up. In the "hydraulic issue" of Jane Gooch's *Vortex* photographs of washbasins at different angles were compared to work of Michelangelo.

Those who lived there said the chief charm of the Village was its lack of commercial feeling, but young men and women who had gathered from Chicago, San Francisco, Peoria, and Paducah and taken refuge in lower New York to escape the business ideal of America ran antique shops, bookshops, bridge parlors, dance-halls, night clubs, real estate offices, and tea shops. Groups found it advantageous to patronize regularly certain speakeasies; materialistic proprietors served up free drinks to weirdly dressed customers so easily recognized as Villagers by the uptown patrons.

Greenwich Village did not become a fad until the twenties, when by too much self-publicizing it walked voluntarily to a literary grave, where it lay down and immediately expired, leaving real estate agents, "red ink" vendors, and tea shop proprietors to romp away with the profits, and spurious writers to commit assault and battery upon a once fine artistic reputation.

The foregoing article is condensed from a chapter in "Books and Battles: American Literature, 1920-1930" by Irene and Allen Cleaton, shortly to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

LUCY BUFFUM LOVELL

TWO QUAKER SISTERS

ELIZABETH BUFFUM CHACE

With an introduction by MALCOLM R. LOVELL
Foreword by RUFUS M. JONES

Drawn from the family archives in the quaint handwriting of these lovable ladies, it presents the beautifully touching plain-spoken, dramatic memoirs of two of the characters who are milestones in the family lineage. Their lives are not alone a saga of a family, but a colorful, interpretive background of the early 19th Century—that stormy part of it, the era of New England Abolitionism, of militant Quakerism, and of living "In the palm of God."

"Elizabeth Buffum Chace and Lucy Buffum Lovell whose diaries and reminiscences are now published for the first time had a fine balance of intelligence and emotion and a natural gift for simple, vivid narrative. . . . She and her sisters seem to me to represent the best that the American culture of the 19th Century produced. The ramifications of the family have led with distinction into industry, banking, science, professions, public office and reform."

Clara Gruening Stillman, N. Y. Herald Tribune.

With 24 unusual illustrations

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club

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A romantic, colorful novel by a distinguished creator of historical fiction, Author of "Royal Flush," "The Proud Servant"

Margaret Irwin's THE STRANGER PRINCE

The days of Charles the First saw a world full of some of history's most colorful people, but of them all none cut so romantic a figure as Rupert of the Rhine, main character of this latest and finest novel by Miss Irwin. Nephew to Charles, last of the knights-errant, a great tall handsome youth who was a seasoned warrior at sixteen, Rupert supported his royal uncle and his pretty French queen against Cromwell and an angry Parliament; threw himself into the bloody Civil Wars with a vehemence that earned for him the name Rupert the Devil. The story of this strange man who fought always for the cause of others is told with a fascinating wealth of detail and an intimate drawing of character. It is again evidence of Miss Irwin's writing skill, and of her truly extraordinary knowledge of and love for the century of Charles the First. *Just out*, $2.50

From Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan) to Margaret Irwin:

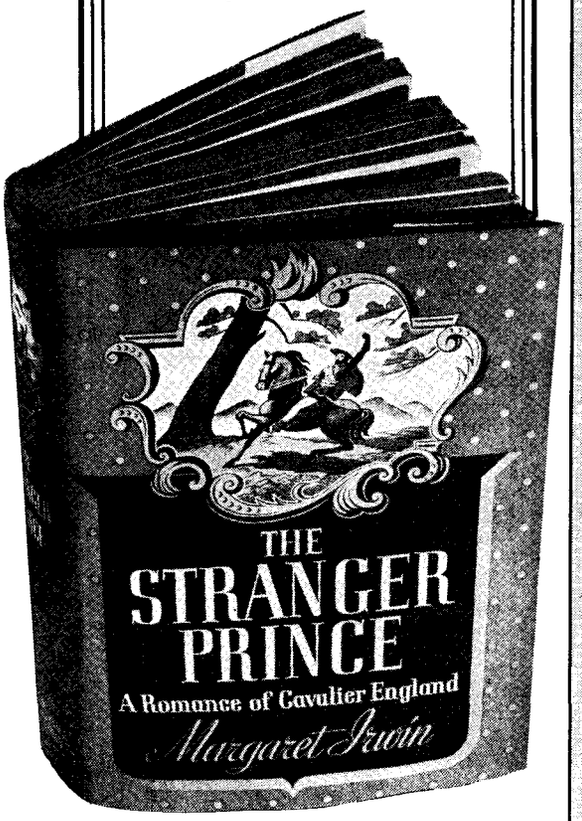
"I have read THE STRANGER PRINCE with intense admiration. It is the best thing you have done, and the best thing anyone has done for many a day. It is really a marvelous piece of historical reconstruction and, as one who has travelled in the same fields, I marvel at the subtlety and truth and beauty of your picture . . . As for the writing, I cannot praise enough its simplicity and beauty."

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., New York

Some interesting characters in
THE STRANGER PRINCE

Rupert's mother was Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Queen of Hearts, who was eulogized in verse by Ben Jonson. At her marriage feast a play was performed which was written for the occasion by William Shakespeare—*The Tempest*—with sets by Inigo Jones. Shakespeare and Jonson appear in the book, as well as many of the great 17th century poets and playwrights—Sir John Suckling, William Davenant, John Milton, and others.

In addition to the full-length characterizations of Rupert the Wizard Prince, Charles I, Elizabeth of Bohemia, Henrietta Maria, there are magnificent portraits of Cromwell, of Digby and Richmond, of Endymion Porter, Hampden, Laud, and many other well-known personalities of the time.



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The Amen Corner

"The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail."
—HOUSMAN.[1]

Angry Dust, An Autobiography by Nikolai Gubsky[2] which the Oxford University Press[3] has just published is one of the most extraordinary books the Oxonian has ever read. "I happen to have no inhibitions about what my friends call 'undressing myself in public'," says Mr. Gubsky in the Preface. He has written "an autobiography in the strict sense of the word, that is to say, the story of how I became—or rather tried to become myself."

We were so amazed by the story that we could not wait until publication to have as many people read it as possible. Opinions are still pouring in. (It's a book you can't help having an opinion about.)

"I finished reading Gubsky's *Angry Dust* last night," wrote Babette Deutsch, "and want to thank you for having sent me a copy of this absorbing book. I do not remember when a work of this kind exercised so great a fascination on me. There are many passages that bear rereading, whether or not one agrees with the author's viewpoint, and the book as a whole exhibits a candor, an originality of approach, a vitality, seldom met with and all the more refreshing. It should find a wide public. Let me congratulate you on publishing it and wish you great success with it."

"It seems to me one of the most genuine pieces of autobiography I have ever read," wrote Irwin Edman, "so genuine that the author sometimes irritated me beyond words. But I do not see how anyone could miss the vitality, the almost annoying honesty, and the general gift for observation that the book has. . . . For one thing, the author writes with extraordinary vitality and directness, and the parts about his Russian schooling, about his escapades, and about his life in Newcastle after the war, sound to me absolutely like the real thing. I would never care to meet the author, but I am very glad to have read the book."

"Engrossing," says the United Press—"the stripping of a personality to its essential nakedness."

As you have gathered by this time, the author is a Russian (he lives in England now and writes novels in English), but he is neither a Bolshevik nor a pre-war grandee. He is a human being straight out of a novel by Tolstoy, but franker than Tolstoy.

Which reminds me that you must read *The Final Struggle,*[4] a volume lately published which contains Countess Tolstoy's diary for 1910, with extracts from Leo Tolstoy's diary of the same period, and a Preface by Serge Tolstoy. (It is translated by Aylmer Maude, the translator of the *Tolstoy Centenary Edition*[5] and the Tolstoy volumes in the *World's Classics.*[6])

"The Final Struggle," says Dorothy Canfield in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,* "is the tragic record, almost written in blood, of the ending of a long story of unparalleled interest. Everyone who has read any of the later novels of Tolstoy will wish to see this picture . . . against which they were written."

But again, don't miss *Angry Dust.*

THE OXONIAN.

(1) From *Last Poems.* In the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse.* Edited by W. B. Yeats. $3.00. (2) $3.50. (3) 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (4) $2.50. (5) 21 volumes, $65.00. (6) Write for the new classified list.

The Psychology of Religion

THE EXPLORATION OF THE INNER WORLD. By Anton T. Boisen. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY ALDEN SHAW, M.D.

THIS is one of the most important contributions to the study of the psychology of religion since the publication of William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" more than thirty years ago. As a student of abnormal psychology for two and a half years under Campbell and McDougall at Harvard and with several years' experience as chaplain at two large state mental hospitals, the author is entitled to speak with authority.

Dr. Boisen rightly emphasizes the view that mental illness is purposive in its nature, that is to say, the individual attempts, consciously or unconsciously, to reintegrate himself and reorganize his life on some stable basis. The form or pattern of reintegration is evidenced by his reactions—his *symptoms*—feelings, thoughts, and behavior. Success or failure is measured by the final social adaptation he makes. Dr. Boisen's interest centers in those cases where the pattern is in the direction—the field—of religious conversion. The author apparently takes the view that in these cases the reaction is motivated by some extra-human agency—a view which for centuries had gone practically unchallenged until modern psychology suggested another answer. In this connection it may be of interest to note certain psychological experiences of somewhat similar nature but admitting of another interpretation. A German chemist, Kekulé, while half asleep, some seventy years ago, had a visual hallucination of a new arrangement of the atoms in the benzine molecule, which on awakening was found to supply the correct answer to a problem which had baffled scientists for years, and "marked a turning point in the progress of chemical thought." Likewise a turning point in modern physics was reached the afternoon that Planck while walking to a scientific meeting conceived in a flash of insight the "quantum theory" of light radiation. Such experiences—and many more might be cited—would be explained by modern psychology on the basis of the theory of the unconscious. The question may be raised whether all these phenomena, religious and other, might not better be explained—better for the future of religious thought—on rational rather than on supernatural grounds.

That religion has made substantial contributions to psychotherapy no one will question. This has been amply shown by the success of the Emanuel Movement, initiated by Dr. Elwood Worcester with the assistance of a group of physicians in Boston. Work of this character Dr. Boisen believes should be extended and he urges that the minister be given special training to fit him for the role of the healer of sick souls, in the psychological as well as the religious sense.

This book will serve as source material for the minister interested in the field of psychopathology and will be welcomed by the psychiatrist among whose patients will be found many parallels with the cases described by the author. It will be of interest to the general reader, and bring support to the mentally disturbed for whom religion has a vital meaning.

Dr. Henry Alden Shaw is a psychiatrist on the staff of New York Hospital.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LONG DEATH *George Dyer* (Scribners: $2.)	Catalyst Club, group of San Francisco experts, decide that death from radioactivity of great scientist on eve of splitting the atom has more in it than meets the eye.	Investigation, hindered by yellow newspaper, involves kidnappings and carrier pigeons, provides first-rate blend of intelligence and excitement.	A-1
THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	Neatly folded coat on Cal. beach signaled suicide of pseudonymous author but Robin Bishop's doubts led him through three killings.	As tortuous a mystery as you'll find, with almost perfect crimes, a very astute detective, and much high-powered dialogue.	18 kt.
THE CAMERA CLUE *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Kent Murdock, pixman sleuth, snaps two scenes that almost add his corpse to that of slain Boston gossip colyumist.	Swiftly moving yarn with veracious newspaper background, a neat central puzzle, and an almost too surprising finish.	Worthwhile
MURDER WALKS THE CORRIDORS *James D. Perry* (Macmillan: $2.)	Three deaths (violent) in and around hospital solved, mainly, by young Dr. North and trained nurse.	The hospital atmosphere is so real you can almost smell it, but too melodramatic plot is far from flawless.	Readable

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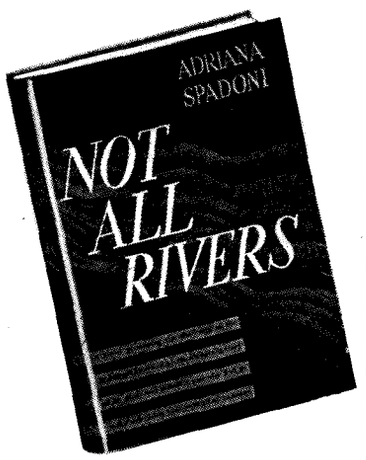
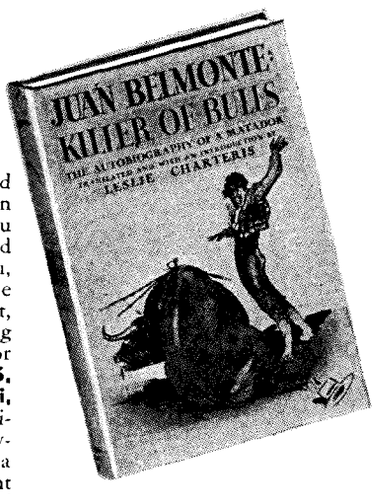
Previews & Reviews

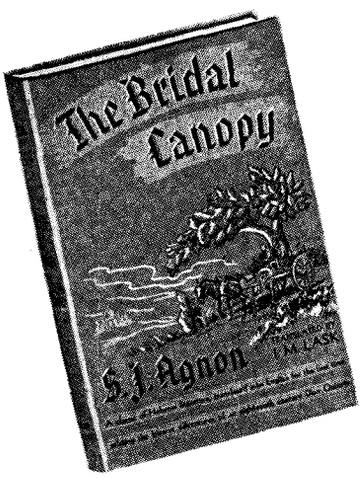
OF BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO *Saturday Review* READERS



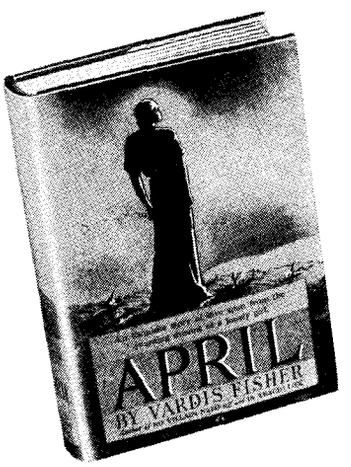
● If you are concerned about the unrest in America today; if you see greed, injustice and despair all about you, but don't know quite what to do about it, then this challenging novel was written for *you*. **NOT ALL RIVERS, by Adriana Spadoni,** has received wide critical acclaim: "Real power and passion . . . a timely novel...brilliant prose."—*N. E. A. Service.* "A stirring interpretation of America's endangered ideals."—*Buffalo Times.* "A fascinating story."—*Minneapolis Star.* $2.50



● **JUAN BELMONTE** is not alone a compelling biography and a vivid glimpse inside the mysterious sport of bullfighting, but in its matter-of-fact revelation of the true Spain that lies behind the glamor and the romance, it throws new light on the troubled origins of Spain's civil war. The *Times Book Review* calls it "a salty and revealing narrative of blood and sand and death in the afternoon" And the *New Yorker* says, "There are many thrilling illustrations, both pen-and-ink and photographs." $3.50.



● "The year's finest arrival in fiction," declared Sidney Williams, reviewing **S. J. Agnon's THE BRIDAL CANOPY** for the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* It is a modern classic — the story of Reb Yudel, who goes forth to perform the commandment of bringing his three daughters under the bridal canopy. Burton Rascoe says, "This great, flavorous classic is certain to be one of the outstanding publishing events in many seasons." *Herald-Tribune BOOKS* calls it "a beautiful and heartening tale." $3.00



● Says the *Times Book Review of* **Vardis Fisher's** new novel, **APRIL:** "Anyone who can start this tale without finishing it at a gulp . . must be a peculiarly insensitive person—insensitive to a story that never falters or goes off key, to one as full of surprises as an April day, to one which is so gay, sad, reckless, improvident, tragic and humorous on the surface, despite its slow-driving undertow, as solemn and sure as fate. This little novel . is the work of a sure artist out of the American West." $2.00

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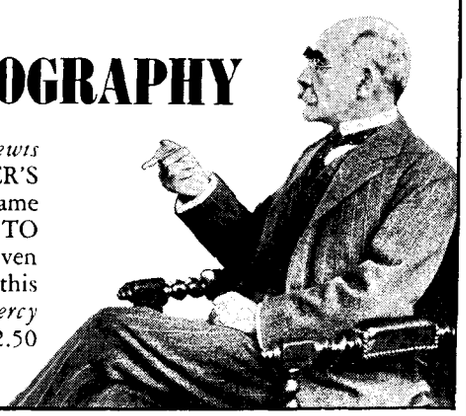

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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

NATIONAL VELVET. By Enid Bagnold. *Morrow.*

R. E. LEE. By Douglas Southall Freeman. *Scribners.*

MURDER FOR PROFIT. By William Bolitho. *Harpers.*

Eli Perkins

I am anxious, writes P. E. B. of Butte, Montana, *to get something on Eli Perkins . . . an American humorist of many years ago. I have never been able to even find his name or mention of him in a library.*

ELI PERKINS, though he was born as long ago as 1839, died as recently as 1910. Perhaps P. E. B.'s difficulty in getting on his traces is due to the fact that his real name was Melville de Lancy Landon and Eli Perkins a pseudonym which he adopted for the humorous writings he contributed to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, and which he afterward used as author and lecturer. Landon served in the Civil War but resigned at Secretary Chase's request to take up cotton growing in Louisiana and Arkansas with free labor. He traveled extensively abroad, and was there in 1870, publishing on his return to the United States a volume entitled THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR IN A NUTSHELL. Next he turned to journalism, sending humorous correspondence from Saratoga to the *Commercial Advertiser* which he signed first "Lan" and later "Eli Perkins." He made a great reputation for himself, being in wide demand as a lecturer and toast-master. His book, ELI PERKINS AT LARGE: HIS SAYINGS AND DOINGS is, I believe, no longer in print, but should be easily available at libraries or through second-hand dealers. It may very well contain the particular quotation for which P. E. B. is looking. The DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY contains a column or more on Eli Perkins (under Landon); there was a biographical entry in "Who's Who in America" for 1908-09, and the *New York Times* (as well as other papers, of course), printed an obituary notice on December 17, 1910.

Early Christian Martyrs

J. W. L. of Hagerstown, Md., *wishes books of fiction dealing with the period of Roman history that has to do with the persecutions of the Christians.*

Since J. W. L. enumerates among the books in the field which he has already read most of those which come to mind at once I find a poor grist to add to his list. Novels of the period seem to have had short life, for many of them are out of print. This is true, for instance, of the tales by Alfred John Church, once popular, TO THE LIONS (Putnams), a story of the persecution of Christians under Trajan; THE BURNING OF ROME (Macmillan), which plays in Nero's day, and THE CROWN OF PINE (Scribners), laid in Claudius's reign. All of these books, I am sure, can be found in libraries and second-hand shops. Donn Byrne's BROTHER SAUL (Appleton-Century), a fictional study of St. Paul from the time when he was a youth at Tarsus up to his death in Rome, should yield background material, and G. J. Whyte Melville's THE GLADIATORS (Longmans, Green) is a picture of Rome under Vitellius and Vespasian. Incidentally, J. W. L. might insure himself a few hours of entertainment by re-reading Shaw's ANDROCLES AND THE LION (Dodd, Mead).

Thanks All Round

Edward Chandler of Brookline, Mass., has called my attention to an unfortunate slip by his courteous statement: "As every good Janeite should know, Lyme Regis is not in Devonshire but in Dorsetshire. The Devonshire travel bureaus may try to claim it but the County Council would surely not take the matter to Parliament." And a correspondent who wishes to be nameless supplements the list of books on Guatemala I published not long ago with the following:

> Perhaps P. J.'s friend who is planning to visit Guatemala next summer would be interested in two other books that I enjoyed both before and after my own trip there. Lilly de Jongh Osborne's "Guatemalan Textiles," published by the Department of Middle American Research, Tulane University, will add to her appreciation of the native dress, and help her in selecting the huipiles that I know she will want to buy. The chapters on Mayan art and on Chichicastenango in Aldous Huxley's "Beyond the Mexique Bay" are excellent. This was published by Harper in 1934. There is also a very good article on Guatemala in the October issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* (pp. 429-460), by E. John Long.

Further, Bernard Smith of Alfred A. Knopf sends me word that his firm has recently published a volume by Erna Fergusson, author of DANCING GODS and FIESTA IN MEXICO, entitled simply GUATEMALA, and Gertrude Blumenthal of Macmillan writes that after all her research and reading a few years ago in preparation for a visit to that country, "the book that was most useful to me before and during my trip . . . was a little juvenile of Elizabeth Coatsworth's, THE BOY WITH THE PARROT," published by Macmillan. To the books recommended in a recent issue to J. S., who wanted works which would give information on instructing a young child regarding sex, *Jessie Welles of Toledo, O.*, suggests that Frances B. Strain's NEW PATTERNS IN SEX TEACHING (Appleton-Century) be added, and *W. H. Bonner of Buffalo, N. Y.*, that Karl de Schweinitz's GROWING UP (Macmillan) be appended.

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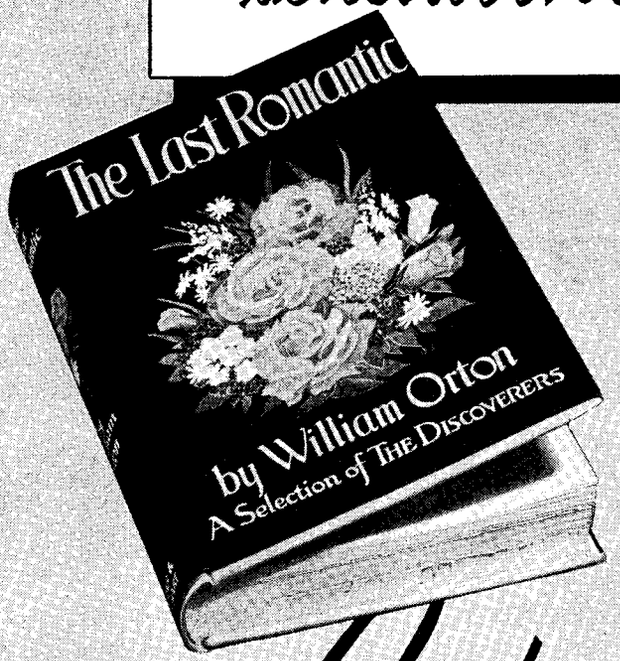

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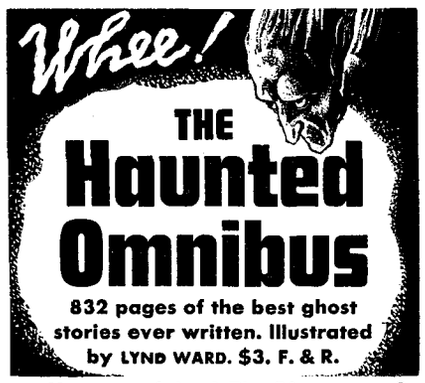

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

A GREAT reader of courtroom testimony (he has never forgotten his astonishment when, as a college student, he looked up the files of the London *Times* to read the procès-verbaux of the Oscar Wilde trial) Old Q. applauds the first volume of Doubleday's *Notable American Trials.* ☞It is a handsome volume, dealing with the Lizzie Borden case, Fall River's gruesome murder in 1892. ☞Edmund Pearson, long a devoted student of this sanguinary butchery, has edited the volume to admiration; his history of the affair leaves no doubt that he believes Lizzie was guilty, and he tells us with delighted malice that the arms of the Borden family carried as a crest "a Lion Rampant, holding a Battle-Axe proper." ☞Often we wish we had time to follow up the curious reading suggestions found in booksellers' catalogues. In a pamphlet from the Franco-American Book Co. (29 West 56, N.Y.C.) we find listed ($50, "carefully washed and sized, full Rose Du Barry french levant") the 1485 edition of *De Duobus Amantibus* written by Aeneas Silvius; which cost him much embarrassment when he later became Pope Pius II. ☞Speaking of Fine and Rare, a client of ours has discovered a young man trying to support himself by making very unusual (and original and decorative) slip-cases for collectors' books. They are beautifully made, uncostly, and so unique in idea that if we described those we have seen outsiders would immediately imitate. If interested you can learn more by writing H. G., 129 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞The National Book Awards, annually conferred by ballot of the booksellers themselves through a nominating committee of the American Booksellers' Association, were announced at an A.B.A. luncheon held at the Hotel Astor, February 25th. ☞These choices, made by majority vote after very fair and careful preliminary seeding, are of much interest as the expression of the Trade itself. The idea of the Award was first suggested by Miss Virginia Kirkus who serves as chairman of the central committee. ☞Christopher Morley of the SATURDAY REVIEW ("a periodical," as he modestly termed it in his remarks) was invited by the A.B.A. to make the announcement at the luncheon.

☞The voting resulted as follows, for books published in 1936:—

☞The Most Distinguished Biography: *An American Doctor's Odyssey,* by Dr. Victor Heiser. (Norton.) Most Distinguished Non-Fiction: *The Flowering of New England,* by Van Wyck Brooks. (Dutton.) Most Distinguished Fiction: *Gone With the Wind,* by Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan) Most Original Book: *The Country Kitchen,* by Della T. Lutes. (Little, Brown.) The Undeservedly Forgotten Book: *I Met a Gipsy,* by Norah Lofts. (Knopf.) ☞Only one of the authors was able to be present in person, Mrs. Lutes, who had motored down from Cooperstown, N. Y., for the event and made a charming speech of acknowledgment. Mr. W. W. Norton, Mr. John Macrae, Mr. George P. Brett, and Mr. Alfred A. Knopf spoke in acceptance for their respective authors. ☞Mr. Chick Traver of Trenton, president of the A.B.A., presided.

☞It was thought by some, who were anxious to get back to work, that Mr. Morley spoke at unnecessary length. Interviewed by our ubiquitous reporter on this point, Mr. Morley pleaded that a heavy and unexpected snowstorm was raging and he felt sure the stores would not be doing any business. He thought that detaining the flimsily-clad booksellers was a precaution against their incurring a phthysic. ☞Incidentally,. Mr Brett announced at the luncheon that his firm was taking steps to prevent further use of *Gone With the Wind* as a cut-price "loss leader." The Macmillan Company has offered to dealers in Illinois and California contracts (under the Fair Trade Acts of those States) to maintain the list price of the book. This procedure will be followed in other States where and when legally possible.

☞Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., has purchased the assets and good will of A. L. Burt and Co., including all the stock of books and contracts carried by Burt. ☞Blue Ribbon has heretofore specialized in non-fiction reprints; the acquisition of the Burt books adds a long list of fiction to the Blue Ribbon publications. A. L. Burt and Co. was founded over fifty years ago, and has specialized in 75 cent reprints of novels.

☞In the *Herald Tribune* recently F. P. A. was discussing Robinson Jeffers as a poet without humor. This is always an embarrassing topic for public argument; but if ever Mr. Jeffers needed a sense of humor it must have been when Ben De Casseres some years ago wrote his famous, his deathless, his incomparable blurb which still reverberates among the vaults of the publishing business. ☞In our private collection of the Hyperbolic and Supersensuous, Old Ben's skyrocket about poor Mr. Jeffers is the crusted noggin, the captain jewel. A blurb so frenzied that even the poet's own publishers never dared use it. Mr. De Casseres compared Jeffers to Æschylus, Shakespeare, Chopin, Blake, Coleridge, De Quincey, Baudelaire, Poe, Dostoievsky, d'Annunzio, Dante, Wagner, and Nietzsche. ☞As we rather admire Jeffers at his best, we naturally resented this. But when Old Ben feels a Zeitgeist and a few norns coming down his chimney nothing can hold him. "He couples with earth and sea and sky on the iron bed of consciouness," is Ben's own way (one of his ways) of describing this phenomenon. ☞The pamphlet in which Ben broke loose was *The Superman in America,* one of the University of Washington Chapbooks (1929). The dedication was delightful: "To H. L. Mencken, the Fabre of the American Insect."

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Fever of the Mind

TROPIC FEVER. By Ladislao Székely. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

PHYSICAL fevers were least to be dreaded in the Sumatra of Mr. Székely's youth, twenty years ago. Fever of the mind, the frenzy grown of loneliness and continuous exhaustion, the enforced brutality of the jungle and its alien white colonists, was the threat which faced him when, as a boy of twenty with six cents in his pocket, he left Hungary to work on the tobacco plantations.

The greater horror of it was that those who had uprooted themselves so young and sought to plant themselves in the jungle could rarely either love it or leave it. The climate, insects, food, and isolation filled their dizzy minds with dreams of escape, yet if they did escape it was not for long; they who had once been rulers in the jungle returned to it broken, like Dwars, an overseer on the plantation, who came back to sell sewing machines, or Klaassen, the once omnipotent chief, who returned in his old age to sell paper to the natives he despised.

They were as thoroughly enslaved as their coolies, and those coolies, working under lifetime contract, were no better than galley slaves in the ship of commerce. They were flogged regularly; their women were doled out to them at the rate of three or four per hundred; all that was human in them was leveled by the white man's stick. And if they tried to escape they were dragged back trussed like pigs on a spit, and frequently beaten to death. The white man fared little better, though his torture was of his own devising.

Mr. Székely was as brutal as his companions, but he could not ignore native problems which compelled the sympathy of youth, if not its forbearance. He understood the "adat" of custom among the Batak people and respected it secretly. Publicly he had to be the great Tuan who could confront single-handed a herd of marauding elephants (though it nearly scared him to death); he had to be the tyrant to hack a town out of malarial swamps, for eight months the only white man among hundreds of savage coolies. He had to be god and fiend.

This is no pap for armchair adventurers, nor is it toothsome for travelers who like their yarns spiced with romance and moon-mint and derring-do. But it is an accurate and vivid account of the planter's life in Sumatra before the war, of social conditions that were appalling with cruelty—an excellent tale for young communists to teethe on.

Double the pity, however, that the translation should so stagger as to be hard to follow, and that it should at times misrepresent the author's intent. It seems impossible that he could refer continually to the natives of Sumatra as "blacks"; they are of Malayan stock, not Negroid, and this careless implication distorts the sense of the book.

Hassoldt Davis is the author of "Islands Under the Wind."

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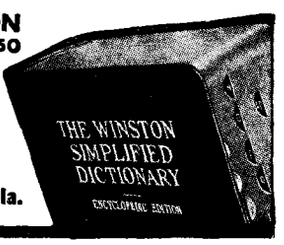

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On the Record

THOUGH one speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and impressionable wax congeal the utterance, still one is not beyond reach of the pervasive bibliographer. Three years ago T. S. Eliot read two poems, "The Hollow Men" and "Gerontion," into a recording phonograph for posterity and the Harvard English department. Now necessarily phonograph records carry identifying labels, lest one confuse César Franck with "Cohen on the Telephone," and Mr. Eliot's vocalization was ticketed in the accepted fashion. But the printer, probably in his intentness on spelling "Gerontion" correctly, set "Hallow" for "Hollow." Gleeful point-chasers were after him instanter. The misreading was corrected, and thus Mr. Eliot was established as the first writer ever to achieve a phonograph record that was divisible into first and second issues.

One of the offending records is impaled like a butterfly (and will so continue until March 20th) in a notable Eliot exhibition in the Yale University Library for which Donald C. Gallup has compiled an abundantly detailed catalogue. Mr. Eliot himself must be amazed at the bulk of his output as here presented. Of course it is not all his output. Few writers of our time have been so lavishly represented in compilations, selections, and anthologies, prose and verse alike. As a consequence of this, and by reason of the inclusion of variants and American editions, Mr. Gallup is able to list 117 books, plus a roster of periodicals and miscellanea (which is where the phonograph record insinuates itself into the exhibition).

This phonograph business is hardly likely to subtract from the complexities of collecting. The question first confronted the world of bibliophily, the Compleat Collector believes, some eight years since with the issuance of two double-disc records by Bernard Shaw, "Spoken English and Broken English." A printed transcript accompanied each set, or it might more accurately be said that the records accompanied the printed transcript, which was, by any definition, a book. (It is a little difficult to distinguish cart from horse in these enterprises.) One bookseller installed a camp phonograph in his shop and gave scratchy Shavian recitals.

The phonograph record is a collector's item in its own right (were there not Tennyson and Browning transcriptions?), but most of its devotees have no more truck with first editions than do numismatists or orchidarians. The primal phonograph occupies a middle ground of antiquity along with the stereoscope and the disc music box, both of which now command collector prestige. Is there a limit to the desirability of acquisition of such gadgetry of the day before yesterday? Presumably not. The Compleat Collector is not in the market for one, but it occurred to him with a mild shock recently that not in a generation had he seen a little boy going down the street with a leather music roll.

Why not a booksellers' anthology? Booksellers', not publishers'. Publishers are as seducible by the muse of reminiscence as statesmen and generals, but bona fide bookseller authors are uncommon. When and if some explorer of fresh woods adopts this freely offered idea, let him turn in his search for copy to Bibliopole Lewis Thompson's "Random Verse," recently (and privately) compounded by the Walpole Printing Office of Mount Vernon with its customary taste and distinction. Mr. Thompson packs ninety-four exercises into 127 sixteenmo pages of text. No one of the ninety-four is athrob over the state of the nation or the drift of the universe. Mr. Thompson's leanings are toward wistful throwbacks to his boyhood and a rowdy irony that is well exemplified in a child's lament for the good old days when father came home tight and happy—which father commendably does once more in the last line. Only four units are concerned with books, and these not with books as "items." Thus "McGuffey's Old Readers" has to do not with the doctor but with the scribblement habitual to flyleaves. Mr. Thompson, bookseller though he is, is sentimentally attracted by these casual inspirations:

Discourage no Shelley—
Some Clancy or Kelly
Or perhaps Martinelli
May be a Poe.

The American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists recently conducted its nineteenth annual meeting at Ann Arbor, and the alert staff of the William L. Clements Library arranged a special exhibition in its sesquipedalian honor, a brief guide to which has been prepared by the University of Michigan Press. Included in the display was a copy of the "Report of . . . the Linnæan Society of New England Relative to a Large Marine Animal, Supposed to Be a Serpent, Seen Near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in August, 1817" (Boston, 1817). A contemporary committee examined alleged eye-witnesses, and the monster withered into insubstantiality under scientific scrutiny.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 153)

WALTER PATER—
"APPRECIATIONS."

When one's curiosity is deficient,
when one is not eager enough for
new impressions and new plea-
sures, one is liable to value mere
academical proprieties too highly—
to find the most stimulating prod-
ucts of art a mere irritation.

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Reviewing Reviews

THIS department has just made an interesting journey through a large folder containing the English reviews of "Gone with the Wind." On the whole the serious reviewers more or less echoed what had already been said in America; and ninety percent of all the reviews, serious, frivolous, favorable, or unfavorable, carried identical leads. "Another American mammoth," wrote Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times* . . . "1036 pages! Were they really all necessary? The odd thing is that they probably were." This is the theme on which most of the critics played variations in their first paragraphs. Mr. Straus also represents the consensus of opinion: "Very easily you will be roused up to enthusiasm, and I do not wonder that so good a story is enjoying a huge success." Those saying aye included Robert Lynd in the *News-Chronicle* ("The recreation of a time rich in drama, a scene blazing with color"); Sylvia Lynd in the *Book Society News* ("a magnificent romance"); and the late Gerald Gould in the *Observer*. Likewise favorable were the *Morning Post*, *John O'London's Weekly*, several of the other weeklies, and provincial papers too numerous to mention. The *Manchester Guardian* reviewed the book three times with no abatement of enthusiasm.

There is evidence, however, that a good many of the shoulders across the sea approached the book bearing chips: how could a novel so popular in America be highly regarded by the fastidious? Thus the *London Mercury*: "Possibly because of its terrific length, the American public seems to have lost its head over this book. Yet the story . . . abounds in all the stock figures of sentimental-romantic fiction . . . Though neither the treatment of character nor the handling of current [sic] events shows any great profundity, Miss Mitchell is an excellent story-teller." William Plomer wrote in the *Spectator* that the novel presents "A Hollywood view of life. . . . Anybody who has the leisure and the inclination to enjoy a popular entertainment need not hesitate to plunge into these pages, and the most superior reader would be likely to acknowledge that their author has remarkable powers of narrative and invention." The *Times Literary Supplement* "trusts it will not seem unduly irreverent . . . to suggest that as a novelist Miss Mitchell is first and foremost a good Marathon runner. . . . But when full tribute has been paid for what is, considering the scope of the book and the multitude of its characters, no small feat, there seems little else to say. With all its ability, its primary inspiration appears as little more than a superficial romanticism." And Peter Quennell in the *New Statesman and Nation*: "Even though Miss Mitchell's is not a book one might *choose* to read—did one read only to gratify one's private taste—it is easy enough, when one has taken the plunge, to go on reading."

Numerous British reviews, paragraphers, and gossip-columnists supply irresistible curiosa. The *Daily Express*, for instance: "The other day I read a book-review in an American paper which ran as follows:—'This is a well-written novel of English middle-class life. But what the hell!' Let me return the compliment. This is a well-written novel about the American Civil War. But what the hell! . . . Wherever I have opened this immense novel—for I do not read novels of more than 400 pages (287 preferred!)—it seems to me to be interesting." The *New South Wales Argus* reports that "some of the expressions in the book are not commonly used in English—'overly kind,' for instance, for 'too kind,' but there is none of the American slang to which many English-speaking people object." The *Argus* liked "Gone with the Wind," we may say, and so did the *Irish Press* (Dublin), which nevertheless points out that "there is a certain amount of frankness and lack of reticence in this book that may offend the sensibilities of some readers." We are still trying to figure out a statement in the *Centaur News*, which we quote verbatim: "There are more people like Scarlett, than there are Scarletts like people."

Then there are the jokes. "A contemporary," says *Books of To-day*, "states that Miss Margaret Mitchell spent seven years over her novel, 'Gone with the Wind.' She appears to have gone against the wind." And from *Era*: "Sworn item concerning Broadwayite who met another Broadwayite not seen for two years: 'Say, where yeh bin?' 'I bin reading "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind." Boy, them books is just swelled!'" We could give you some more of this sort of thing, but it will probably suffice to quote an interesting report from the *Liverpool Weekly Post* of January 9, 1937: "The American 'best-seller' record of 'Gone with the Wind,' by far the most popular novel of recent years, has already been eclipsed. Its successor in public favor is an American biography of Mrs. Wallis Simpson, entitled 'Her Name Was Wallis Warfield.'" The best comment on this item is to report actual figures to date: "Gone with the Wind," 1,268,000 copies; "Her Name Was Wallis Warfield," 31,500.

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Double-Crostics: No. 154

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

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	15-Q	16-S		17-F	18-L	19-P		20-W	21-I	22-M	23-D	24-O	25-X	26-P	27-R	28-U
	29-U	30-B	31-I	32-X	33-H	34-O		35-T	36-B	37-I	38-L	39-G	40-O		41-T	42-S
43-H	44-D	45-O		46-V	47-W	48-I	49-J		50-H	51-S		52-F	53-X	54-K	55-L	56-E
57-Q	58-N	59-R	60-O	61-A	62-S		63-B	64-R	65-K		66-D	67-A	68-E	69-I		70-D
71-J	72-O	73-B		74-J	75-E		76-F	77-E	78-P	79-M	80-O	81-R		82-B	83-E	
84-M	85-Q	86-K	87-N	88-S	89-Y	90-C		91-K	92-O	93-B	94-D	95-S		96-A	97-J	
98-B	99-H	100-S	101-F	102-R	103-N	104-I	105-W	106-M		107-F	108-X	109-N	110-S	111-M	112-Q	
113-T	114-R	115-S	116-N	117-H	118-Y	119-G	120-D	121-W		122-A	123-X	124-N		125-I	126-V	127-L
	128-X		129-Q	130-B	131-U	132-C	133-A		134-F	135-J	136-B	137-D	138-C		139-N	140-Q
141-X	142-Y	143-N	144-B	145-E		146-I	147-R	148-M	149-H	150-D	151-P	152-V		153-C	154-J	
155-D	156-A	157-S		158-U	159-M	160-T	161-J	162-L	163-K	164-Q	165-G		166-H	167-X	168-C	
169-V	170-G	171-C	172-O	173-H	174-S	175-E	176-J		177-T	178-M	179-Q	180-P				

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Daughter of Aeolus changed into a kingfisher (Gr.).

B. A pretended spell: jargon.

C. Poet in "La Bohême."

D. Character in "As You Like It."

E. Hero of narrative poem by Lowell.

F. To make possible.

G. Freeholder.

H. Gay Andalusian dance.

I. Purpose.

J. American composer (1861-1935).

K. Decorative hole in embroidery.

L. To arouse to action.

M. Deluged.

N. American musician and conductor (1862-).

O. Shone lustrously.

P. Author of "Murder in the Cathedral."

Q. Where the Peggotys lived.

R. Surpassed.

S. Innocuous.

T. To apprise.

U. Member of itinerant dark-skinned family.

V. Haughty.

W. The "lyric soprano" of the woodwinds.

X. Poisonous.

Y. Pseudonym of English essayist (1820).

WORDS

67 122 156 13 133 96 61 3

82 7 136 36 98 130 73 93 63 30 144

138 171 168 153 90 132 2

1 155 23 120 70 94 66 137 44 150

56 68 175 83 75 77 145

52 76 17 107 101 134

165 39 170 6 11 119

149 166 117 99 43 33 173 50

104 37 125 21 146 69 5 48 31

176 74 71 154 97 161 49 135

9 65 54 91 86 163

55 162 18 38 127

178 12 79 148 159 22 111 84 106

124 109 139 87 116 58 143 103

45 72 60 24 172 34 80 92 40

180 19 151 26 78

112 57 164 179 15 140 85 129

64 27 59 102 147 114 81

110 51 42 16 174 95 115 157 100 88 62

4 160 177 113 35 41

29 158 131 28 14

46 126 10 152 169

47 20 105 121

53 25 167 32 123 128 141 108

118 8 142 89

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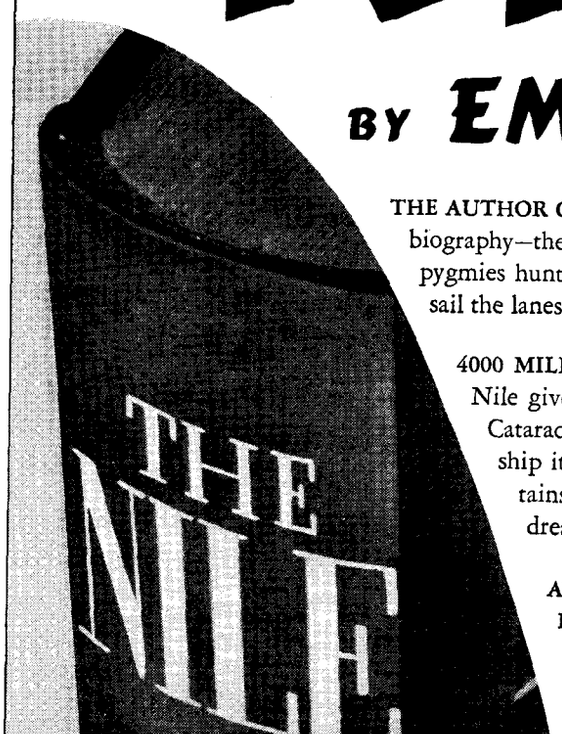
The NILE

BY EMIL LUDWIG



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